

A God's Blessing [Discontinued]

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28080945) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28080945>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/Dave Technoblade , Jschlatt/Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound [implied] , Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch [implied]
Character:	Wilbur Soot , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo
Additional Tags:	royal au , Fluff , Slow Burn , Dreamnoblade - Freeform , Philza is a king , the sleepy bois are blessed by gods , Arranged Marriage , the antarctic empire shall rise again , gogy is jealous , Everyone Is Gay , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Flashbacks , Don't read unless you're in a good emotional state
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-15 Updated: 2022-02-23 Chapters: 23/? Words: 32518

A God's Blessing [Discontinued]

by [ItsMintyMaam \(Hail_fucking_hydra\)](#)

Summary

Ummmmm.

Let's say hypothetically Dream and Technoblade have an arranged marriage.

Heh

(first time posting on here, i appreciate comments and constructive criticism!)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“It’s so fucking cold Dream.”

George shivered, his lips bright red and cracked. Tubbo lifted his head and frowned.

“I’ll grab you a blanket from the trunk sir.”

“Thanks T-tubbo.”

Dream only smiled and shook his head, the mask covering half his tan face.

“It will only get colder George.”

George shot him a glare and pulled his green robes tighter around himself.

“W-why can’t they just come t-to us?” he said.

“I offered to go to them George. Now quiz me. We have only an hour left.”

Tubbo returned from the outside of the carriage with a soft green blanket. George accepted it gratefully and wrapped it around his body.

“Ok. The king. Go.” He said, gesturing at Dream.

“King Philza is an incredible fighter. He has beaten the Ender Dragon countless times. The people say he is fair and just, but rules strictly. Philza had a wife, Kristen, but she died shortly after the birth of their first son due to a plague that racked his nation. He has not taken another wife.”

“Good. Eldest son.”

“Philza’s eldest son, heir to the throne, is Wilbur. He is 24 years old, and he is the only one who is biologically related to the King. They say he is very attractive, and almost everyone who sees him finds him very physically appealing. More importantly though, they say he has special abilities. He is incredibly persuasive, and such a smooth talker people say it’s almost magical.”

“Impressive. Middle son.”

“The middle son is called Technoblade. He was adopted at the age of six, him being twenty one now. He is the one I am to marry. He has remarkable fighting skills, and has reportedly not lost a duel since he was eighteen. He has only lost one since he was sixteen. He has some hybrid features, with elongated bottom canine teeth and pig ears. Despite this, people say the prince is handsome. He is apparently very antisocial, and does not care much for his brothers.”

“Good job. Youngest. Last one.”

“Tommy is the youngest. He was adopted at the age of four, being sixteen now. He will be seventeen next month. He apparently leads his own battalion, and they have not lost a battle nor a soldier. He is an incredible leader. He is reportedly very loud and talkative.”

(A/N: Lmao catch me just straight up putting backstory. I’m not slick at all)

“Nice. You’re really good at this.” George said, sipping from his water bottle. Dream shot him a smile.

“It’s my duty.”

They continued chatting about meaningless things. The beauty of the dark oak forest, the glimmering snow. They never got snow up in Miofara, so this was a completely new experience for Tubbo. The servant boy had never left the kingdom.

Sapnap poked his head into the carriage, lips practically blue.

“First of all, it’s freezing out here. Second of all, we have almost arrived, Your Majesty.”

Dream smiled and adjusted the crown sitting atop his head. He pulled off the mask and stashed it in his pocket, running his hands through his blonde hair. When the carriage shuddered to a stop, Tubbo scrambled out, green jacket catching briefly on the door. He held out a hand to Dream, assisting him in stepping out of the carriage.

Dream stepped out of the carriage, foot crunching in the three inch deep snow. He adjusted his cape and stared at the castle in front of him. It was gorgeous. Blue banners hung from the rafters, large towers sprouted up from the cobblestone castle. The windows were all tinted blue, and the hall door was a beautiful dark oak. The wood matched that of the grand forest stretching around the castle, it’s snow filled trees casting great shadows everywhere they stood.

Dream breathed out, in awe of the beauty of the castle. His breath appeared in the air, it being so cold he could see it. The mountains rose up behind the castle and faded into the clouds. They were on a mountain right now, the pressure in their ears had popped long ago.

As George stretched behind him, taking in the sight, a blonde haired boy appeared in front of them. He gave a bow, his blue t-shirt crumpled around his torso.

“King Dream of Miofara. It’s a pleasure.” The boy’s blue eyes shone in the light reflecting off the snow, his pale skin a stark contrast to that of the four standing in front of them.

‘Is he- why is he in a t-shirt? Is he not freezing?’ Dream thought, brown furrowing.

The boy had a blue band tied around his head, with a small wooden charm hanging on it. An intricate symbol, swirling around the wood was carved and painted on the wooden disk. The symbol of the Eriden royal family. The chains wrapped thrice around his throat held the same symbol, this time stamped into a silver circle. This must be Tommy.

“The pleasure is mine Prince Tommy. I’ve heard much about you.” Dream replied, giving a short nod. It was not custom for a king to bow to a prince of a different nation.

“Please, allow me to show you in.” He motioned for the two guards by his side to grab their bags, and they continued on to the main hall. Inside the main hall were four thrones. Two of them were occupied. The largest one had a man with blonde hair sitting on it, an intricate crown draped over his head. It had blue crystals embedded in it, with silver chains draping over his forehead. The man was wearing a blue blouse, the sleeves puffed out while the waist was cinched. He had a large cape puffing out the back and his legs were crossed in front of him with black high laced boots on his feet.

‘King Philza.’

The slightly smaller throne to the right of him was occupied by a gorgeous young man. He had fluffy brown hair and a small smirk to his face. He was wearing a slightly less intricate outfit. A dark blue shirt hugged his waist and black leather pants were on his legs. He had a long jacket on, the silver buttons lining the sleeves and the front. His boots were the same as Philza’s, but his

crown was far different. It was a simple twisted silver, blue gems embedded into the twists. In the middle hung the family seal pressed into silver. He was wearing the same tight chains wrapped around his neck with the family seal as Tommy.

Dream felt his breath catch in his throat as he stared at the young man. He was just so beautiful and enticing. Finally he ripped his gaze away from him.

‘Prince Wilbur.’

To the left was a throne the same size, but it was not occupied. And to the left of that throne, was the smallest throne. It was empty until Tommy walked up and took a seat in it, looking severely underdressed compared to his brother and father.

Dream sunk into a deep bow, his cloak billowing around him. Tubbo, George, and Sapnap followed suit.

“King Philza. An honor.” Philza smiled and stood from his throne, his sons staying seated.

“And an honor to meet you King Dream. You must have had quite the long journey.”

Dream stood up, glancing at the empty throne.

“Yes, the climate is much different here than it is in Miodara.” He chuckled slightly.

Philza’s smile grew.

“Of course of course. You will all be shown to your rooms, where you can take a hot bath and prepare for dinner tonight. We will send tea and hot chocolate to your rooms to hopefully warm you up.”

Dream nodded, bowing his head in appreciation.

“Tommy, please bring the servant boy to his chambers. You look about the same age. Wilbur, please escort his advisor to his room. King Dream, would you like your guard to stay in the same room as you or would you prefer we give him a room with our personal guard?”

“He can stay with me.” Dream replied simply, motioning for Sapnap to follow him. Wilbur stood up and nodded at George, two servants coming to pick up his bags. Tommy gestured to Tubbo, and the boy grabbed his backpack and jumped to attention. Tommy smiled and marched out of the throne room, Wilbur following suit. George and Tubbo went with them.

“I will escort you to your room, Dream.”

Philza stood up, gracefully flipping his robe over his shoulder. Everything about Philza was graceful and regal. He was the very picture of royal perfection. Dream felt small beside him. Philza and his sons were practically legends and he was just... Dream. The young orphan king.

Philza’s cape billowed out behind him as he marched through the castle. The click of his heels on the ground was mesmerizing. Dream found himself moving his feet in time to Philza’s, and his fast pace soon found him at the door of his room. Sapnap was always just a step behind, and as Dream suddenly stopped Sapnap smacked into him causing the two to go tumbling to the ground.

Philza turned and smiled, raising an eyebrow at the pair on the floor. Dream blushed furiously, attempting to rise to his feet but only succeeded in tripping on his own feet. Sapnap stood and helped the King up. Philza only shook his head with a laugh and pushed open the doors. The back

of his neck still burning with a passion, Dream stepped into the room.

It was a grand room, with a theme of green that had no doubt been prepared specially for his arrival. Dream's eyes widened at the gorgeous bed and furniture, all of it a soft forest green. He was expecting a blue room, like the rest of the castle.

Philza nodded to one of the servant girls.

"We prepared it specially for your arrival!" The girl squeaked out, placing his trunk on the ground. "King Philza said your favorite color was green so we redecorated!"

Dream rubbed the back of his neck.

"Thank you so much."

The girl nodded, beaming ear to ear with pride.

"I will be your personal servant for as long as you stay here, along with the boy you brought. I'm glad you like the room!"

"What's your name?" Dream asked, crouching down to the small girl's level.

"I'm Niyebe. It means snowflake in the old tongue." She smiled proudly.

Dream chuckled slightly and stood up. People from the south were always so odd.

"Can I talk to you privately for just a moment? It's about my son."

Dream swallowed hard and nodded. Sappnap stepped out and closed the doors. Philza gestured for Dream to sit, and he himself sank down into one of the many armchairs arranged in front of the fire.

"I'm here to apologize in advance." Philza sighed, leaning back.

"Whatever for?" Dream asked, furrowing his brow.

"My son. Technoblade. He never was one for romance, and now especially that it's arranged... Let's just say he is incredibly stubborn. I ordered him to be there for your arrival, but as you may have noticed, he did not show. I've tried to explain to him what a great man you see and yet... he doesn't seem to care." Philza pursed his lips into a tight smile.

Dream laughed lightly, and shook his head.

"It's quite alright King Philza. I expected as much. It's only natural to be so against an arranged marriage.

"I appreciate your understanding, King Dream. I will see to it that Prince Technoblade joins us at dinner."

Dinner with the Sleepy Bois

Chapter Notes

I didn't think anyone would see this so like...
Thank you all so much.

This chapter is a little shorter sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a gorgeous hall, with soul fire being contained by glass lanterns and a beautiful blue runner covering the dark oak table. The stained glass windows were high and wide, displaying the beautiful view of the night sky and the mountains surrounding the castle. When Dream stepped into the grand dining hall, he noticed that the whole Eriden family was seated.

A man was seated with light pink hair, going all the way down to his mid-back tied in a tight braid. A strand of silver was braided into his hair as well. He was wearing a royal blue cape, with white fur fluffed around the mantle. He had on the same boots as the rest of them, and the chains wrapped around his neck were the same as well. However, his crown was a sparkling silver that was twisted together at a peak on his forehead. It seemed to mimic the way evergreen trees grew, with a blue sapphire pressed into the center. All in all, his outfit seemed to be rather similar. Wilbur. However, as his eyes scanned Technoblade's body, he noticed one simple, yet striking difference. The amount of silver chains he had hanging from his clothing was far more than his brothers and father. There were two hanging delicately on his cloak and two on the blouse underneath. Additionally, one hung from the belt cinching his waist. Finally, one was connected to the left side of his bottom lip and appeared to go somewhere into his hair. It was mesmerizing, the glittering ornaments draped so delicately around his body.

After a moment of staring at his soon to be fiancé, a servant by the door escorted him to his seat. He was sitting beside King Philza, with Prince Technoblade directly in front of him. After a moment of hesitation, Technoblade looked up to meet his gaze. Dream almost fell out of his chair. His eyes were like a deep pool of water, or snow tipped icebergs. Dream was drowning in them.

Philza cleared his throat, and Technoblade broke their stare to look at his father. Dream found himself disappointed. He would have been content to stare into his eyes for forever.

"Sapnap, would you like to join us at dinner?" Philza asked, nodding at the guard. Dream already knew what his response would be.

"No thank you Your Majesty, I'm good here."

"No please! I insist."

Sapnap still looked unsure. Philza turned towards Wilbur and made a motion.

Wilbur slowly let a smile spread across his face, and when he opened his mouth to speak his words were coated in honey and sugar.

"Please Sapnap. Come dine with us. It would be our pleasure to give a warm welcome everyone

here. Including you.”

Sapnap slowly nodded.

“Ok then.” He responded, slowly walking over to George and sitting next to him. Dream wasn’t sure whether to be impressed or unnerved.

‘I guess the rumors are true. He does have special abilities.’ Dream thought, glancing over at the eldest prince.

“You too Tubbo! Please, sit next to Prince Tommy.”

Tubbo looked to Dream for confirmation, and upon a nod from the king, Tubbo pulled out his chair and sat down next to Tommy. Who, by the way, looked thrilled at the prospect of being able to talk to Tubbo for all of dinner.

“So! King Dream. How was your journey down here?” It was a weak attempt at small talk, and he heard George exhale deeply beside him. Dream elbowed him slightly under the table, and then turned back to Philza.

“It was certainly a long journey! The weather did change drastically.”

They continued making pleasantries for a couple minutes, until the soup and salad was served onto their plates. An awkward silence overtook the group, punctuated by the occasional slurp of soup or praise for the food. And, every now and then, a giggle or snort from Tommy and Tubbo. After they finished, Dream decided to take a risk.

“So Prince Technoblade.” It was the first time the northern king had initiated conversation, causing Technoblade to look up from his lap in surprise.

‘He must have rather interesting hands if he’s able to stare at them for all of dinner.’ Dream mused.

“How did you decide on the braid?” Dream asked, making an odd gesture to the back of his own head. It was then that it occurred to Dream that he had never heard Technoblade speak.

“It’s my win streak.” Technoblade’s voice was a low rumble, dark and quiet. It made Dream shiver, and he decided to prod only so he could hear him speak again.

“Oh? Your win streak?” He asked, leaning forward in order to appear interested.

“Yes. When I lose a duel, I cut my braid off. When I start a new win streak, I begin growing it again.” Technoblade ran a hand down his braid, flipping it so it was in front of his shoulder. It was so long that it easily reached his pecs. Dream found himself staring at his fiancé-to-be, and blushed when he looked away.

Wilbur froze as he cut into the steak in front of him, then slowly continued before taking a wide-eyed bite. He carefully chewed, then swallowed, observing the display in front of him. It was so quiet you could almost hear him swallowing. Tommy broke the silence by giggling softly, and turning back to Tubbo.

Dream’s neck was flushed and red. How was Technoblade keeping his composure? The prince in question leaned over to bite into his steak, all the while maintaining eye contact with Dream. The northern king was so overwhelmed at this point. He stood up suddenly.

“I need to use the bathroom.” He excused himself quickly, glancing back only once to see

Technoblade sipping lightly from his wine glass.

Dream stumbled to his room, grabbing onto the sink counter so hard his knuckles turned white.

‘What is wrong with me?’

He was startled out of his thoughts by a knock at the bathroom door.

“Dream? Are you okay?” George. Thank god. Dream swung open the door, pulled George in, and slammed the door shut.

“I need you to cover for me. Food poisoning, I ate something bad at a shady motel this morning before I got here.”

George pursed his lips.

“With all due respect, you need to make a good first impression.”

“With what just happened, the only way i can save this is if I pretend i’m sick.”

“Dream, no one else noticed.”

“What?”

“It was just me that noticed your... issue. Technoblade wasn’t doing that on purpose. Trust me.”

“How- how was that not on purpose?”

George sighed.

“What do you remember about Technoblade?”

“He’s antisocial.” Dream mumbled. “He doesn’t want to marry me. He doesn’t like romance.”

George smiled. “That’s right. Now splash some cold water on your face, and get your act together. It’s day one, and Technoblade needs to actually like you by the end of your visit. C’mon, let’s go.”

Dream turned to face the mirror, his red face glaring back at him.

‘Get your shit together Dream.’

Chapter End Notes

So apparently i can’t do italics??? Pls explain.

Also

Gay panic hehe.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Ah another short chapter! Sorry guys. But again, thanks for all the love.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of dinner had gone smoothly. When Dream came back, Wilbur had made some comment about bad food. They had all laughed, and the conversation returned, even dryer than before.

Now Dream was lying awake in bed, Sapnap snoring on the couch across the room. No matter how he tried, he couldn't get Technoblade's face out of his mind. His sparkling chains, his eyes- oh god his eyes. Everytime his eyelids slammed shut he was greeted with the image of those beautiful blue eyes burned into his brain. The thought that Technoblade didn't look at him the same way was enough to make his heart ache.

He was in love, hopelessly in love. Absolutely infatuated with a man who couldn't even be bothered to make conversation with him at the dinner table.

He fell asleep with those eyes floating in his mind.

George woke him up that morning.

"Rise and shine sleeping beauty!" He shouted, bursting into the room. Sapnap fell off the couch and slammed onto the floor. Dream groaned and stretched.

"You are expected at breakfast in half an hour Dream."

Dream just snuggled deeper into the covers. His warm bed was a stark contrast to the freezing room, and he had no interest in leaving it.

(A/N: Me too Dream. Me too.)

"It's like six in the morning George. Don't tell me they're already up."

George sighed.

"I mean like, it's seven in the morning, this is the time you normally wake up. Did you have trouble sleeping?"

His mind drifted to last night. Yes he did have trouble sleeping. He wasn't going to tell George that though.

"No, I'm fine. Just tired from the long trip, that's all." he lied.

George clicked his tongue.

"You too Sapnap. C'mon, up. Both of you."

“How do you have so much energy?” Sarnap whined.

“For your information, I woke up an hour ago. So.”

Sarnap just stared at him, almost with anger.

“But why George? What was the reason for that? It’s so unnecessary.”

George rolled his eyes.

“You don’t have to get dressed, Dream. As far as I can tell, the Eriden boys haven’t even brushed their hair. King Philza isn’t out of his sleeping robes either.”

Dream smiled. Thank god. He really didn’t want to put on some fancy clothes this early in the morning. He swung his legs off the bed. The moment he placed his feet on the ground, he pulled them back up with a hiss.

“Dream! Let me get you shoes first.”

“Why is the ground so cold?”

“Because we’re in the south, Dream. And it’s cold here.” Sarnap said.

“No shit Sarnap.” Dream said, stepping into a pair of slippers.

Downstairs, breakfast was being served in the kitchen. It was a cozy place, the fires keeping the room warm and the smell of baking bread filling his nostrils. Prince Wilbur was hunched over the counter, sipping from a mug. Tommy and Tubbo sprinted into the kitchen, laughing loudly.

“Prince Tommy! Don’t run in the kitchen!” The girl baking bread chided, smacking him lightly.

“Sorry Nikki!” Tommy shouted, grabbing a plate of french toast and running out without another word. Tubbo looked towards Dream, who gestured for him to follow Tommy. Tubbo broke out in a full face smile, and ran after the prince.

Wilbur smiled at Dream, gesturing to a chair at the kitchen island. Dream sat down with a sigh, looking at the array of breakfast foods.

“Would you like coffee or tea? Maybe hot chocolate?” The girl, Nikki, asked.

Dream smiled. “Hot chocolate please.”

Wilbur chuckled slightly.

“What? Coffee is too bitter for me and tea just kind of tastes like soap.” Dream said in mock offense.

Nikki looked up suddenly. “Oh no.”

Wilbur slowly looked up from his mug to meet Dream’s eyes.

“Excuse me? Tea is one of the best beverages to exist and you can quote me on that.” he said.

Dream laughed. “Whatever you say.”

As he was being served his hot chocolate, King Philza swept into the room. Looking regal as ever.

“Good morning Wilbur! Good morning King Dream! I trust you slept well?”

“Yes, thank you.” Dream sighed into his mug. Somehow it was some of the best hot chocolate he had ever tasted.

“Morning.” Technoblade grunted as he walked into the room. He looked like he had just rolled out of bed, his hair messy and unkempt. He also had glasses, which somehow made him even more attractive. Dream found himself staring.

“Technoblade! Could you at least make yourself the tiniest bit presentable for our guest?”

Technoblade let out an over exaggerated groan.

“You’re still in your pajamas, Wilbur hasn’t brushed his hair, and Tommy isn’t even here! Why do you hate me.”

God, his morning voice was even more attractive.

Philza sighed. “Tommy actually was here, and Wilbur doesn’t need to comb his hair.”

Technoblade glared at his father. If looks could kill, Philza would be six feet under.

“I think he looks pretty hot.” Dream mumbled under his breath.

Wilbur choked on his tea.

“Excuse me?” He whispered back.

Dream just smiled.

Technoblade looked back and forth between the two of them, before shaking his head and grabbing the pitcher of apple juice. He gulped down the juice with the intensity of a five year old who had just finished playing tag at recess. Then he stuffed a piece of toast in his mouth and sat down at the table.

The breakfast was no less awkward than dinner last night. George was constantly scribbling something down on the scroll he kept in his pocket. Dream had to, quite literally steal it just to get him to eat a banana.

Philza sat in thought for a moment. No doubt he was thinking of a way to make this less uncomfortable. Or maybe he was thinking of the day’s plans.

“Technoblade! How about you take King Dream to the village square.” Philza suddenly announced, giving a pointed stare at the pink-haired prince in questions.

Technoblade looked up from his hashbrowns with a glare. In fact, it seemed he always had a glare painted on his face.

‘He’s like a moody teenager.’ Dream thought, smiling. Technoblade nodded his assent and left the kitchen without another word.

“Well then. I suppose he’s getting ready. Technoblade loves this one coffee shop down in the village.” Philza said, with an annoyed glance at the door Technoblade had left through.

A day with Technoblade huh? This wouldn't be half bad.

Chapter End Notes

Over the next two weeks my updating is going to be a little slower for a multitude of reasons. The most prominent being it's the holidays, but coming in at a close second is the fact that i had those three chapters already written (i just had to edit them) and now i have to write whole new chapters. But... this next chapter is going to be a bit longer.

I hope

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

multilingual households be like:
having a conversation in English
randomly switches to Spanish
me getting whiplash
-story of my life.

Chapter Notes

So i know i said i would be updating slower but LOOK.

CHAPTER.

THE MOMENT Y'ALL HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade had not spoken a word since they left the castle to walk into the village. They walked in uncomfortable silence, Dream glancing over every now and then to see the stoic prince glaring straight ahead.

“So. Where are we going?” Dream asked.

“This coffee shop I like.” The prince responded, not sparing a glance in Dream’s direction.

Dream hummed in response, eyes flicking back ahead. It was clear the prince did not want to talk.

The coffee shop was cozy, and Technoblade visibly relaxed when he entered it. It gave off a similar aura to the kitchen where they ate breakfast this morning, and Dream understood why it was his favorite.

A girl rushed up to them with a warm smile.

“Techno! So good to see you. And you brought a friend!”

Technoblade smiled, the first real smile Dream had seen on his face. It was bright, and just perfectly charming.

“This is King Dream from Miofara!” Technoblade said, gesturing at him. The girl’s smile widened. She bowed deeply.

“An honor, King Dream.”

“Please, just call me Dream.”

He had become more relaxed as well, his shoulders releasing a tension he didn't know he had been holding. The intoxicatingly bitter smell of coffee was filling his nostrils, going straight to his head. The girl actually sat down with them at their cozy booth, so he assumed they were good friends.

"So Dream," the girl started, turning towards him. "Isn't Miofara way up in the North? Isn't it much warmer there?"

Dream nodded, just as a boy with a notebook came up to their table. His diamond blue skirt swished around his waist, the black tube top hugging his body.

'He must be quite cold' Dream mused, grinning slightly at the boy.

"Technoblade, Shelby, the usual?" He said, already scribbling something down in his notebook. The two smiled.

"Hey Skeppy! Where's Bad?" Shelby asked.

Skeppy grinned.

"He said he had a surprise for my birthday tomorrow and is preparing it." Skeppy's fingers tapped his pen, smirking at Dream. "And for you sir?"

Dream looked back and forth between Skeppy and Technoblade. He had no idea what to do.

"I'll get you a pumpkin spice latte with extra cinnamon, because I've heard you guys don't have pumpkins in the north."

Shelby looked over at Dream in shock.

"You guys don't have pumpkins?"

Dream's brows furrowed. "Those big, mushy, orange things? We usually feed them to the animals because they are just disgusting."

The three of them gaped at him in surprise.

"Dream? Pumpkins aren't meant to be mushy." Skeppy said.

"They aren't?"

"They aren't disgusting either." Technoblade chimed in.

"I don't like them."

"Really? Because you had like three pumpkin creams yesterday at dessert."

"Did I?"

The three of them burst out laughing.

"Northerners are so odd." Shelby said with a giggle.

"I'll get you that latte Dream."

It felt good, Dream realized. It felt good to laugh again. He did notice however, that Technoblade was ten times more comfortable with his friends than alone.

“So Dream. How’s that kingdom by your border?” Shelby asked, leaning her chin on her hands.

“Which one?” Dream asked, feigning confusion. He did not want to talk about the shit he was facing with that kingdom. The ruler was famously uninterested in diplomacy, and while he wasn’t evil per say, he was a pain in Dream’s ass.

“You know. Hawthorn. Word on the street is that you’ve been trying to secure an alliance with King Grian for ages and you haven’t been able to.”

Dream flushed. He really didn’t want to talk about Grian. He had a couple meetings with the king, and he was even more unprofessional than Dream. One time, he had walked into his sitting room to see him stacking books higher and higher until they fell all over him. Another time, he had laid across the chair kicking his feet until Dream had grown so frustrated with his child-like antics he had to excuse himself.

“Oh um- Grian is- he’s interesting. A little unprofessional but I can deal with him.”

Shelby laughed, then glanced at her watch and jumped up in surprise.

“Shoot! I’m supposed to meet the Captain and help him build a new greenhouse! Gotta dash, catch you later!” She snatched her coffee off Skeppy’s serving tray and sprinted out the door. Skeppy watched her go with faint amusement.

“A dry cappuccino and a slice of lemon cake for the prince.” Skeppy said, placing the plate in front of Techno.

“And a pumpkin spice latte with extra cinnamon for you. I also got you some apple cinnamon tarts because Prince Technoblade likes them a lot.”

Dream accepted his coffee with a thank you. He inhaled the strong scent of pumpkin and cinnamon, the coffee filling his nostrils. He never was one for coffee, but this latte smelled so sweet and nice.

He tentatively took a sip.

Woah.

The taste exploded on his tongue, a balance of chilly warmth. It seemed to taste like the coffee shop in a way, heat spreading through his body.

“This is like, really really good!” Dream exclaimed, taking another sip. Skeppy smiled.

“Awww that’s great! I’ll tell the barista she now has the favor of a king and a prince!”

Dream laughed, and took a small bite of the apple cinnamon tarts. The slightly tart green apples mixed with the caramel and cinnamon just exploded on his tongue. He would have to get this recipe for his bakers in the castle. It was so good.

Skeppy gave a small wave to the two of them, and then left to go help other tables. Technoblade’s demeanor changed in a split second.

He went from warm and smiling, to closed off and secluded. He was clearly uncomfortable in the presence of just Dream, and barely talked after that.

Dream didn’t mind though, he was just staring at Technoblade. He was zoned out, eyes trailing

from his eyes, to his lips, down his body, and back up again. He only zoned back in when he noticed the prince looking at him expectedly.

“Hmm?” Dream said.

“I asked if you were done with your coffee.”

“Oh, yeah.” Dream pushed the now empty cup forward.

Technoblade glanced at the clock on the wall. One o’clock.

“We probably have time to go through the square, although my father is expecting you at two-thirty to speak in his sitting room.”

Then he stood up suddenly and began to walk away.

Dream scrambled to his feet out of the booth and followed Technoblade. He was expecting more conversation, but he could deal.

Technoblade marched forward with purpose, making it his mission to not look at Dream. Dream had to practically jog to keep up with Technoblade’s pace.

“So Technoblade.” Dream said, attempting to start a conversation. The prince just grunted in response.

“Is your hair naturally pink or did you dye it?”

“It’s naturally pink.”

“That’s an odd natural hair color”

“Mmhmm.”

“How did it get like that?”

“I told you. It’s natural.” Technoblade’s answer came out like a snarl. Clearly Dream did not get the hint, because he kept prodding.

“Why won’t you talk to me normally?” Dream said, his lip coming out in a slight pout.

“Have you ever considered that maybe I don’t want to talk to you?” Technoblade said, head turning back to looking straight ahead.

“Why?”

“Because maybe I don’t like you Dream.” He was getting more and more fed up, like a pot that was about to boil over.

“Why not? What’s wrong with you?”

Technoblade froze suddenly. Then he turned towards Dream, grabbed him by the collar, and slammed him into the side of a shop they had just passed.

He was pissed.

“Listen here Mr. High and Mighty.” Dream’s back was flush with the wall behind him, his feet

slightly lifted off the ground.

“If I had a choice, I would never see you or your stupid fucking green outfit ever again. But unfortunately, I don’t have a choice.” Techno’s grip on Dream’s collar got tighter, and Dream’s eyes widened.

“You think you’re so powerful? Huh? I go back home, pout my lip a little bit and say that you threatened me and you’ll be out of here before you can protest.” The prince leaned in so close that Dream could feel his hot breath on his own cheek.

“So stop acting all cute and get it through your thick skull that I will never, ever fucking love you.” Technoblade hissed out, finally dropping Dream. The king’s knees buckled slightly.

Technoblade whipped around and stalked back in the direction of the castle.

Dream had his hands on his knees, his chest heaving. His face was flushed, matching the red hue the back of his neck had.

His eyes searched up to watch the retreating prince. That was terrifying. He would admit, Technoblade was rather intimidating. But if he was being honest, it was also very, very hot.

His head suddenly cleared, and he scrambled to catch up to Technoblade.

“So no town square then?”

He had a lot to tell George.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been kinda stressed lately, with tests and sports and all that.

BUT ALL THIS LOVE IM GETTING ON MY STORY MAKES IT SO MUCH BETTER!!!

Thank you all so much for the comments you leave.

A/N (Not a chapter)

Ok so not an update but i have a question.

I have the next chapter written. I got into some heavy topics, but in my opinion it feels rushed. I just can't find the words to say what i want to say. It's a fine chapter, but i'm not super happy with how it came out. Do you guys want me to do some HEAVY editing and get it out to you by tomorrow, Wednesday by the latest? Or would you like it in its current state (plus some light editing), and I'll upload as soon as my beta reader gets back to me? Let me know.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I need a huge huge huge thank you to my friend Skyler for helping me with this chapter. She'll comment down below but she helped me edit this chapter and I really appreciate it.

Some heavy topics in this chapter, just a small warning.

Chapter Notes

TW: Mentions of blood and death. There is no blood or death, but it's mentioned

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade stormed into the castle, ignoring the guards and servants that asked how his day went. Dream followed behind him, jogging slightly to keep up with Technoblade's long legs.

Philza watched them walk with mild concern. He didn't expect this day to go incredibly well, it just appeared to go worse than he expected.

Technoblade flew into his room and sat down on one of the chairs. He knew he overreacted, but he wasn't about to apologize. Dream was so infuriating, so pushy.

'It's a wonder this king hasn't pissed off the wrong person yet. It's a wonder his kingdom is still in a state of peacetime.'

Which reminded him.

What do kings talk about behind closed doors?

Technoblade stood up suddenly.

Dream was meeting with his father. What about? He had no idea. But he knew where the sitting room was, and would it be a crime to listen for just a moment?

They had already been talking for maybe, half an hour while he was in his room.

Technoblade stepped out into the grand hallway, feet tapping lightly on the dark wood. He crept down the hallway carefully, before straightening up and walking normally.

'Calm yourself Technoblade. You're allowed to walk in your own house.' He thought, now confidentially stepping through the castle.

As he approached the room, the voices inside were much too hushed for him to understand, so he pressed an ear to the door.

“He’s incredibly childish. I’m not sure if it’s an act or if it’s real, but either way it is only effective in making me annoyed.” That was Dream.

“I’ve only met him once. I was invited to a ball in a western kingdom and he was there.” His father.

“I have tried everything to create a trade alliance with him, but either he doesn’t care or he really isn’t listening.” Dream said. Were they talking about King Grian?

“Our only attempt is to create a marital alliance. Grian has a daughter, no?” Philza said.

“He does, but what are we supposed to do? I have no sons or daughters to offer. And with Wilbur being the crown prince, Technoblade being engaged to me, and Tommy being much too young, we have no one.”

Technoblade placed a hand over his mouth. He wasn’t sure why, but the way they spoke made him feel sick. They spoke about Technoblade and his brothers as objects, things to use to create alliances. And if Dream had sons or daughters, no doubt they would be used the same way.

“Tommy isn’t too young. I was only seventeen when I was engaged to Kristen. After all, he doesn’t have to get married until he’s twenty. Just an engagement is enough.” Philza said.

Technoblade nearly vomited at that point. The fact that his father was even considering it... Tommy is only sixteen.

“I think we should keep it as a last resort. I do have an idea however.” Technoblade let out a breath of relief. Tommy would be spared from this fate.

“Technoblade and I’s wedding. We make the reception closed. Few people will be allowed in. We can make the party as big as we want, but the reception must be small. We invite Grian.” Dream said.

“It’s a solid plan. There’s no telling if Grian will even accept the invite, but there’s a chance. We might as well try.”

“And should this not help, we always have our back up plan with Tommy.”

“Of course.”

They sounded so casual. Too casual. Too relaxed to be talking about someone’s life, their future. Is this how his father sounded when he decided to arrange a marriage for Technoblade?

Technoblade stepped away from the door. Then another step, then another. Then he was running, cloak billowing out behind him. He kept running away from the room, footsteps even and sure. He was out the door now, boots crunching in the snow. He ran through the castle grounds until his cheeks were as pink as his hair, his crown resting precariously on his head. He was surrounded by trees, standing in the middle of the palace gardens.

He sank down onto a bench, barely flinching at the freezing metal embracing his body. He stared straight ahead, eyes blurry.

He was so lost in thought that he didn’t even notice his brother sitting down next to him, staring ahead as well.

“That’s the fastest I’ve ever seen you run.” Wilbur finally said after ten minutes of silence.

Technoblade glanced over at his brother. Wilbur was sitting with one leg crossed, a placid expression washed over his face. He smiled gently at the younger, and took a deep breath.

“I love this place Technoblade. The trees are so dark and beautiful, and it’s so peaceful. I sit here sometimes when life gets too crazy, you know that?” Wilbur let his leg slide off the other, crossing his hands behind his head.

“It’s a welcome refuge from the winds the rest of the palace is burdened by.” Technoblade was still silent, breathing in the fresh air of the gardens.

Wilbur glanced over at him, breaking his stare with the dark oak tree in front of him.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Instead of replying, Technoblade simply leaned over and folded Wilbur into a hug. Wilbur froze. He wasn’t used to this kind of affection or emotion from his stone-hearted brother. He returned the embrace gently. If Technoblade needed a hug, he needed a hug. For a moment, the silence was a comfort in itself.

Technoblade buried his head into his brother’s shoulder, squeezing him much too tight. Wilbur placed his chin on Technoblade’s head, his face slightly ruffling the pink hair. Technoblade’s arms were wrapped around Wilbur’s torso, crumpling in the blue shirt. Wilbur softly rubbed the younger’s back, whispering in his ear.

“It’s okay Technoblade. It’s ok.”

They stayed curled into each other for some time, only pulling away when Technoblade let out a small sniffle and untucked himself from his brother’s arms.

“I was eavesdropping on King Dream and father’s conversation- don’t give me that look. I was curious about what they were saying. And I just, I don’t like the way they speak.” Technoblade said.

“The way they speak? Speak of what?” Wilbur asked cautiously.

“Us. You, Tommy, and I. And the way they speak of Dream’s future children.”

Wilbur’s face went blank for a moment, before his eyes set in understanding.

“I know Technoblade. I’m the crown prince, remember? I sit in on many of father’s meetings. I have to listen to them talk about things that I wish were hypothetical. I have to watch them discuss whether they sacrifice a whole battalion or an important general. I have to watch them terminate relationships and friendships, in the name of diplomacy with other kingdoms. And sometimes I have to pitch in.” Wilbur placed a hand in his hair.

“Despite having never fought anyone, I have more blood on my conscience than you have on your hands, little brother.”

“But why must they use us like tools? Like objects?”

“Our father cares more about maintaining peace and being diplomatic than anything. Take Tubbo and Tommy for example. I don’t think you’ve noticed, but they have grown very very close. Now let’s think for a moment that Dream is not marrying you, but is at war with Hawthorne. If Tubbo and Tommy continued their relationship, Eriden would be dragged into the war because we are friendly with Mifara. Father would terminate that relationship in the name of keeping peace with

Hawthorne. Eriden and Miofara have been rather tense over the past fifty years. This marriage will ease the tension.” Wilbur sighed.

“The life of a royal is not as easy as many make it seem.” He finished. They sat in silence for a few minutes.

“What about you?” Technoblade asked suddenly.

“Hmm?” Wilbur responded.

“You said you have more blood on your conscience than I have on my hands.”

“You, Techno, have killed people with your sword and shield. You have blood on your hands, on your clothes. No matter how much you bathe, it will always stain your skin.” Wilbur said, placing a hand on his brother’s. Techno swallowed hard.

“I on the other hand. I have killed people with pen and paper. I have signed away deaths, signed away lives. I’m lucky Technoblade. I will never have to live with the consequences of my actions.”

Technoblade thought for a second.

“What’s worse Wilbur?” Technoblade said. His eyes shone cold and emotionless into Wilbur’s, yet beneath the unfeeling surface bubbled fear and anguish. Technoblade stood still as stone, but his eyes burned with an intensity Wilbur had not witnessed in the strongest king.

Wilbur thought for a moment.

“Is it worse for me to see the faces of those I’ve killed and know them? Seen their eyes as the life drains from their face?”

Wilbur looked forward.

“Or is it worse that you don’t see them? Don’t know them? Is it worse that you know they will die, and you are ordering their death by another man?”

The two sat in silence.

‘Things would be easier.’ They both thought. ‘Things would be easier if they didn’t have these crowns heavy on their heads, these chains around their necks. Things would be easier if Technoblade was never taken from that orphanage, things would be easier if Kristen had passed from the plague before Wilbur was born.’

Things would be easier if they had never existed at all.

Chapter End Notes

Woaaa boy that was a roller coaster wasn’t it? I have a really light and cute chapter planned for the next one, i promise.

So what do you guys think? who’s a worse person? He who kills people by his hands or he who kills people by his words?

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hey guys! I totally siked you all out. Here's some pure fluff for your souls!

Chapter Notes

This chapter is not beta read because both my beta reader and I celebrate Christmas! So if it feels rushed or not as up to par as usual, that's why.

Merry Christmas to those who celebrate!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After his talk with Dream, Philza had gone to speak with Technoblade. Dream had seen off-put throughout the entire meeting, and he wanted to find out what had happened in town.

He raised his fist to knock on the dark wood.

Technoblade swung open the door. When he saw Philza, he glared at him with an intense ferocity.

“What do you want, father?”

Philza stilled. His voice was so cold and harsh, a tone the king had never heard from his son.

Despite the prince's reputation, he loved his father.

“I was- I was just wondering how your day in town went!” Philza said with a smile, plastering a fake expression on his face.

“It went fine.” Technoblade did not budge from his position in the door frame. Ignoring this, Philza pushed past him into his room.

“Wha- ok whatever.” Technoblade grunted, and flopped onto his bed. Philza sat down in the chair facing the bed.

“So what did you two do?”

“We got coffee.” Technoblade said, pulling out a book bound in leather.

“Anything else?”

Technoblade huffed out a breath.

“In case you didn't notice I am very busy learning about-“ He paused to look at the cover of his book.

“The evolution of the moobloom? Why do I even own this book?”

Philza sighed. Clearly his son did not want to talk to him. When did he ever?

“Okay I’ll leave you.” Instead of responding, Technoblade just loudly turned a page in his book. Philza stood up.

“Close the door on your way out please.”

Philza slammed the door shut, hearing a small laugh from the Prince inside.

He walked back to his room, closed the door and sat down by the fire.

God. His sons were impossible.

His eyes drifted shut, a small breath escaping his chapped lips.

His door banged open.

“Your Majesty! To- are you okay?”

Philza’s eyes opened, staring at the small servant girl standing in his doorway.

“I’m fine, just tired.”

“For any particular reason? Do you need a new mattress? Are you sleeping well?”

“No Niyebe. I’m just an old man. When you get to my age you’ll understand how I feel.”

“Your majesty, you’re only forty six.”

“Am I? Oh my sons make me feel like I have lived a thousand years. ”

“Ah I see. Oh! Speaking of your sons...”

Philza sat up quickly.

“Which one? And what did he do?”

Niyebe winced. “Tommy and Tubbo just slid down the banister and broke a statue.”

Philza stood up.

“Tommy!”

Once he had finished sorting out that mess, it was far too late to do anything else. He retired to his room, changing into his sleeping clothes and getting to bed.

However he found himself failing to fall asleep.

His thoughts were plagued with concern. Not of Grian, or of Technoblade.

Instead he worried, just as he always did, about Wilbur.

Today, while Technoblade was out with Dream, the council had met.

Wilbur’s presence was requested of course, with Philza growing older he needed to learn.

The frost had come early this year, and the people were left with less of the vegetables typically harvested in autumn. Eriden wasn't a poor kingdom, and barely anyone went hungry. Even now, families were barely affected by the shortage of radishes and lettuce. However, many of the farmers who specialize in these crops had made less profits and could not afford the proper materials for next year's crops.

The meeting with the counsel was tense, with plenty of petty arguments. But it was a necessary conversation. Were they to supply the farmers with the materials necessary? Did they give them money to pay for the materials? Or did they leave them to their own devices?

The logical decision, much of the board decided, was to leave the farmers to their own devices. They had faced worse frosts, the council argued.

Wilbur had a different opinion however.

"We must help our struggling people!" He had cried.

"You all just don't care about them because you've never gone through that!"

That was true of course. Philza had been born into the royal family, and most of his council had been noble since they were born.

Wilbur's emotions got too in the way of everything. He needed to learn how to control those emotions.

'Of course,' Philza thought, 'Wilbur would be a fine king. He could get anything he wanted from anyone. He was simply forbidden from using those, ahem, tactics in Philza's council.'

After sitting in his thoughts for far too long, Philza swung his legs off the bed and sat up.

'There's no way I'm falling asleep.'

He pulled a long jacket around himself, pulled on his boots, and stepped into the hallway. He was stopped only once, but he waved off the concerned guard.

"I'm only going for a walk." He had said, and continued on throughout the castle.

The night was cool and bright. A full moon shone at Philza, the stars so dazzling he abandoned his lamp.

The gardens were peaceful and quiet, releasing the tension in Philza he had been holding for so long. He placed himself down on a bench, sighing gently.

He wasn't planning on falling asleep on that bench. But the breeze was so light on his face, the gardens so quiet. He felt himself drift off, eyes fluttering shut.

His eyes flew open when he heard a stick break.

A hand slid down to his belt where he kept a knife, slowly sliding it out of its sheath. He crept forward towards the source of the noise.

There was a flash of blue, and curly brown hair peeked out from the trees.

Philza stood dead still. The figure started to climb the garden walls to the outside, and now he could get a good look at the intruder.

Wilbur.

What in the world was he doing this late? Philza was about to call for him, when he stopped himself. He wanted to see where he was going.

He waited until his son was over the wall, and then some. Then he stepped to the wall and tapped a panel, which slid open. Philza stepped into the grass outside the wall, and the door closed silently behind him.

He stepped out into the frostbitten grass, wincing as it crunched beneath his feet. Wilbur's figure was rather difficult to follow through the trees.

He was good at sneaking out.

Far too good.

Philza trailed Wilbur for around fifteen minutes, the prince's pace never letting up. He finally stopped when they reached a small frozen lake.

Philza stayed in the trees, crouching behind a bush. Wilbur, on the other hand, pulled a large blanket out of the backpack on his back. He carefully laid the plaid blanket on the frost. Wilbur then sat down, staring out at the frozen lake.

It was a beautiful spot. The blue lake glittered and shone with the reflection of the glittering stars. The ice was uncut and perfect, brightening up the whole clearing.

As beautiful as it was, gazing at it could not possibly be all Wilbur was doing here.

Philza's thoughts were confirmed with a rustling in the trees, a small figure creeping out of the forest. Wilbur whipped around, a smile spreading across his face. He jumped to his feet and ran at the figure.

The man who had just arrived dropped his hood.

Gleaming horns reflected in the moonlight, slicked back hair carefully parted around the keratin. When the man smiled, light bounced off his sharp canines.

'Ram-human hybrid.' The king thought, mouth curling into a smile.

Hybrids were not highly regarded. They were considered lower than humans, for whatever reason.

So what was Wilbur doing alone with one?

"John!"

"Wilbur."

The two embraced, hugging tightly.

"Oof. Wilbur, you're squeezin' me too tight!" The other man grunted out.

"I'm sorry Schlatt. It's just been way too long."

"Wilbur, it's been three days."

"Exactly."

Schlatt let out a soft chuckle. The two parted, gazing at each other. Even from here, Philza could see it. The pure love shining in both of their eyes.

It wasn't fake.

He had seen the artificial love his son induced upon many men and women.

This was real.

"Oh! I brought some cookies my mom baked!" Schlatt said, carefully reaching into the picnic basket that hung around his forearm.

Wilbur held one up to his nose and inhaled deeply. "Oh, they smell so good!"

Schlatt laughed. "I just frosted them, my mom did the actual baking!"

"They're so pretty!"

Wilbur held one up, just right so that Philza could see. It was frosted as a deep red flower with chocolate spheres in the center. Edible golden glitter was dusted on it as well.

Wilbur bit into his cookie, snapping one of the petals clean off.

"Mmf v'ry goof." He mumbled out, spraying crumbs all over the hybrid.

"Ew! Didn't your father ever tell you not to speak with food in your mouth?" Schlatt said, shoving Wilbur away. This only succeeded in making Wilbur laugh harder, spitting out even more crumbs.

Philza found himself smiling. The two were so adorable, it reminded him of when he and Kristen were young.

The two walked over to the blanket, Wilbur laying on his back, Schlatt on his stomach, chin resting on his crossed arms.

"So how's the harvest?"

Schlatt frowned slightly.

"Well, not great because of the frost. But let's not talk about that! Word on the street is that your brother has an arranged marriage!" Schlatt wiggled his eyebrows and propped his chin up on his hand.

Wilbur laughed.

"Yup! Techno is so not happy about it."

"Well I wouldn't be happy! Isn't he engaged to that northern king? Dream?"

"Yeah. Dream is perfectly happy about their arrangement, but Techno is just constantly and consistently annoyed in Dream's presence."

Schlatt sighed. "I'm sure he's tired of being used like a tool in your fathers charade."

Philza's eyes softened. Was that how Techno felt? Like a tool?

"I suppose so." The two went quiet, the only noise a small rustling in the trees. Wilbur turned his

head to stare at Schlatt, who in turn shifted into his side to face the other.

“Has anyone ever told you your horns are beautiful?” Wilbur whispered, running a hand over the horns.

Schlatt let out a noise halfway between a gasp and a purr. Wilbur froze.

“Awww, they’re so sensitive!” Wilbur continued stroking the horns, carefully running his hand over them. He placed gentle kisses on Schlatt’s face as he did so, the hybrid wrapping his arms around Wilbur and holding him tight. The prince’s hands stilled, and the two simply curled into each other. Schlatt continued nuzzling Wilbur’s shoulders, the taller softly playing with his hair.

Philza turned to leave.

“I’m so glad you’re not your brother.” Schlatt murmured into Wilbur’s chest. “I’m so glad you don’t have to marry some random man.”

Wilbur’s gentle strokes on his head stopped.

“We can’t ever be together Schlatt.” He reminded the smaller boy.

“I know Wilbur.” Schlatt lifted his face from Wilbur’s chest and gazed up at the prince. “But at least now, for just a moment, I can pretend.”

A small tear fell from Wilbur’s eyes. It glittered and sparkled, running down his cheek before dripping onto Schlatt’s horns.

“I love you so much Johnathan. I love you more than the stars love the moon, I love you more than Tommy loves chaos, more than Techno loves bloodshed. I love you more than I love everyone in this world combined.”

Wilbur somehow pulled Schlatt closer into his chest.

“Don’t you ever forget that.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you know that a tactic most authors have is to give a sweet and fluffy chapter right before one that might break you?

Just a thought.

Another A/N (Christmas themed)

Hey guys! Not a chapter I just wanted to post :).

Merry christmas to those who celebrate! And happy holidays to those who don't.

My friend (also beta reader) Skyler got us matching necklaces with the compass on it. Mine says "Your Tubbo" and hers says "Your Tommy" because we are aesthetically pleasing like that.

I also got some Sapnap merch from my brother so he is automatically my favorite person (next to skyler)

I have an angsty chapter planned out which many of you i'm sure have put together.

Will be updating tags tomorrow to give you a sneak peak at what I have in store for you.

Have a great day!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

I did not write a single word on Christmas so sorry for taking three days to update. I got some family time in :)

Chapter Notes

Anyone notice the tags got updated...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His pen scratched along the paper, words slowly getting lighter. Wilbur leaned over and dipped his feather in the ink pot, and continued writing.

The page filled with words. He reached over to grab another paper, elbow knocking against the ink pot. The dark liquid spilled across his desk, staining all the papers there.

Something in the back of his head told Wilbur that he should pick up his paper; that it was important. Why? Why was this paper important? He had no idea, and so he simply watched as the ink flowed over everything.

He blinked at the stained desk, and all of a sudden the liquid was gone. He cocked his head.

‘Wasn’t there ink? Didn’t I spill the pot?’ He thought vaguely, before that thought left his mind and he turned his attention back to the paper in front of him.

‘What was I writing?’ He asked himself, the tip of the pen just barely touching the paper.

“Of course.” Wilbur said aloud, suddenly remembering. The room was silent, only noise coming from the scratching of pen on paper.

He heard footsteps approach the desk.

“All done, Your Majesty?” The man who had just arrived said.

“Done with what?” Wilbur asked, not looking up. The words in front of him were blurry and shaking. He couldn’t read what he just wrote. Nor did he remember.

“Done with killing another man you will never have the honor of meeting.” The man said. Wilbur looked up suddenly.

The man towered over him. Wilbur stared at his body, blinked hard, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. What did he look like? Everytime Wilbur tried to look at his face, his eyes just slid over his features. The man seemed to be- oh.

Wilbur’s eyes widened.

The man was faceless.

Wilbur eyes darted back down to the papers.

“I- I don’t know.”

The man’s hand shot down, grabbing Wilbur by the neck.

“You don’t know? Do you even know who I am?”

Wilbur nodded, not being able to speak through the man’s grip on his neck.

“Don’t lie to me. Do you even know what I look like?”

“N-no.” Wilbur managed to choke out. The harsh grip on his neck got tighter.

“I had blue eyes. And freckles. My hair was red. Did you know that?” The grip on his neck loosened, and Wilbur coughed.

“My wife had black curly hair. Her eyes were brown. You didn’t know that either. And now we’re both dead.”

Then there were five, and then six, and then ten. Faceless men and women surrounded him, their whispers invading his brain. Wilbur clutched his head and closed his eyes hard, as though that would make the voices go away.

“Wilbur. It’s ok.” Wilbur’s eyes shot open, amber eyes meeting dark brown. Schlatt looked at him with a warm smile.

“I get it. You’re going to be ok.” Schlatt held out a hand to the shaking prince. Wilbur glanced between the faceless people and Schlatt, his Schlatt.

Wilbur took a step back.

“No. You don’t get it. And it’s not going to be ok.”

He took another step back, and the floor beneath him cracked like ice.

He fell through the floor, the whisper not leaving. They said his name over and over again, worming into his brain. His eyes trailed up to see Schlatt standing over the broken ground

His eyes glared down in disappointment.

Wilbur’s eyes fluttered shut.

The voices persisted. Why couldn’t he recognize any of them?

Were they ghosts?

Why didn’t he know the faces and voices of those he killed?

His head lolled back.

“Wilbur!”

The prince sat up suddenly. Schlatt was staring at him with concern.

“Are you ok babe?”

“Yeah, must have drifted off.” Wilbur said, shaking his head.

“You were shaking.”

“Just a nightmare.” Wilbur must have looked pretty shaken, because Schlatt started to rub his back. It soothed the boy, who let out a content sigh.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Wilbur’s eyes glanced around, looking at everything but Schlatt’s face.

“Wilbur.” Schlatt grabbed his chin and tilted it to meet his eyes.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

A small whimper came from the other boy, along with a shake of the head.

“Ok hon. I’m here.”

Wilbur wrapped his arms around the hybrid, breathing heavily. Tears started falling and they didn’t stop. Schlatt didn’t quite know what to do, Wilbur was usually calm and collected.

He pulled him close and began to rub his head like Wilbur had always done for him.

“It’s okay, you’re here with me, you’re safe.”

“It’s okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Woooo guys how we feeling?

Edit:

Credits to PlasticEatingDucksOfSatan for the idea for this chapter. I love them so much.

(Not A Chapter)

Hey you guys don't know me at all.

You can ask me questions in the comments, literally any question is good. Nothing is off limits. It's just a question of if I will answer it or not, and if I don't i'll just say that i'm not comfy answering.

Or don't ask me I just thought you guys might be interested in asking me things.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Suffer with the angst

Chapter Notes

MAJOR MAJOR MAJOR TW FOR GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF VIOLENCE
AND GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEATH!!!!

ALSO CHARACTER DEATH (not major)

ALSO PTSD AND FLASHBACKS

you have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno wrapped the bandage tightly around his wrists, ripping it and tucking the binding into the folds.

‘Why the hell am I doing this?’ He thought to himself, his dark brown eyes meeting themselves in the mirror.

Dream had invited him to spar, most likely in an attempt to lighten the air after their trip downtown. Technoblade had accepted, surprising the king.

‘It’ll be a good training attempt.’ Was his original thought. He continued to repeat it in his mind, pretending to himself that the reason for agreeing was far, far different.

Dream’s face was cute flushed, wasn’t it? When red crept up his neck and curled into his cheeks...

Technoblade harshly tugged on his own braid in an attempt to get out of his own mind.

He did not find the king attractive.

It was a good training opportunity.

Nothing else.

His body was shaking. Why was he so nervous? He glanced down at his shaking hands.

His hands wrapped around Dream's neck.

Technoblade nearly screamed at himself.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” He shouted out loud, dropping his head in his hands. Tommy burst through the door, jolting him out of his thoughts.

“Hi Techno!” The younger boy said, flopping onto his bed uninvited.

“Why are you bothering me? Can't you see i'm busy?”

Tommy grinned.

“Busy being mad at yourself? Because I did hear you scream before I came in.”

“Where's Tubbo?” Technoblade said, switching the subject. The two had been inseparable since they had arrived, and Techno was surprised to see them apart.

Tommy sighed, dropping his head into his hands.

“He's talking with that pretentious fancy guy. With all the papers? The one Dream is in love with? You know that guy?”

“Oh George.” Then Technoblade’s mind processed what had been said. “Dream’s in love with George? How do you know?”

“Wilbur told me.” Tommy replied simply, rolling onto his back.

Technoblade looked down. Of course Dream loved George, he was so nice and hard working and pretty. He felt a pang in his stomach. Wilbur was never wrong about these things.

“And besides, it’s obvious. He’s always giving George these puppy dog eyes. It’s adorable.”

Technoblade felt a pit grow in his stomach. He felt... angry? What was he angry at? He swallowed hard.

“Well I’m sparring with Dream so get out of my room.”

Tommy let out a low whistle. “Are you gonna get him to take off his shirt?”

Technoblade chuckled a pillow directly at his brother’s head.

“Hey! I’m just telling the truth. I’m sure he has nice abs.”

“I’m not even interested in him!”

“Yeah yeah. Whatever makes you sleep at night.”

“I hate you so much Tommy.”

“Ok. Normal duel rules. Right?” Dream said, tossing a wooden sword in the air and catching it.

“If it were normal rules, we would be using iron swords.”

“And we would be wearing armor. As much as I love beating my opponent, I don’t want to accidentally murder my fiancé.”

Technoblade gave a thin smile.

“We have a referee?” Dream asked.

“Nah. Didn’t think we needed one.”

The pair was standing in the training courtyard. It hadn’t been used since this morning by Philza’s guard, and it was abandoned. Not including Dream and Technoblade of course.

“Well then.”

Technoblade nodded at Dream, and the two drew their swords. They had agreed to one round, would see how it went, and maybe fight more.

Technoblade was excited. The king was always praised for his swordsmanship, and the prince wanted to see how he would do.

They bowed, and then sprang into motion.

The two danced and spun, linked in an intricate dance. Dream was clearly on the defensive, but it was purposeful. He carefully parried Technoblade’s blows, stepping with the grace of a dancer. He only struck at the most precise of times, careful to not leave a single opening in his defenses.

Technoblade on the other hand, immediately sprung into action with a series of quick blows that left Dream struggling to get back. He wanted to overwhelm the king, hopefully getting him to trip over his own feet.

He jabbed at Dream’s stomach, just barely getting blocked. He blinked, and for a split second Dream wasn’t Dream anymore. And for a split second he wasn’t holding a wooden sword, but a

netherite pickaxe.

He blinked hard, and the image stopped.

They continued their tango, intertwining with each other. Dream stumbled slightly, and Technoblade laughed.

“Do you really think you’re good enough to beat me?” He said in a joking tone.

‘Did you really think you were enough?’

He shook himself out of the flashback once again.

Something was seriously wrong with him.

Blow after blow, parry after parry. The two had been fighting for ten minutes straight now, both of them soaked with sweat.

Technoblade’s mind wandered for a moment. Dream was beautiful. His hair was matted against his forehead, his cheeks bright red. Every now and then he would breathe out heavily, and then smirk at his opponent.

Technoblade’s breath hitched in his throat as the king dropped to a knee in order to dodge a blow, but his mind quickly came back to the task at hand. With Dream on one knee, he was just barely able to roll out of the way of Techno’s next swipe. But now he was on his stomach, and the prince quickly sprung on top of Dream.

He dug a knee into Dream’s stomach and placed his wooden sword on his neck. The king tensed, then relaxed his shoulders and dropped his sword.

“Oh no. Please don’t kill me Prince Technoblade! I’ll do anything!” Dream mocked, pouting his lip.

‘Please Prince Technoblade! Please don’t kill me, I’ll do anything. Please please please-‘

Technoblade stared ahead, body frozen. He trembled slightly.

Dream’s face turned from joking, to concerned.

“Technoblade?”

Technoblade laughed, the boy beneath him sobbing slightly.

“Did you really think you were enough to beat me? Even unarmed and with iron armor?”

The boy’s black bangs were brushed aside by the tip of Technoblade’s pickaxe.

“Please Prince Technoblade. Don’t kill me, I’ll do anything.”

Technoblade grinned at the shivering boy he was kneeling on.

“You know something about me Alex?”

The boy shook his head, black beanie sliding onto the stone floor beneath him.

“I always keep my promises.”

He leaned in, so close that Alex could see the red dots in the center of his pupils.

“What did I say before we fought Alex?” The prince whispered in Alex’s ear.

The boy hiccuped and shuddered.

“That you have a pickaxe, and you’ll put it through my teeth.”

Technoblade smiled, and pulled his pickaxe above his head-“

“Technoblade!” Dream screamed, shaking him out of his memory. Technoblade shook his head hard. He twitched when he felt a hand on his arm.

“It’s just me. Are you ok?” Dream asked, sitting up. Technoblade peered at him between swollen eyelids streaked with tears.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Technoblade sighed. Did he? He lowered himself to the ground, feet far too shaky to stand.

It’s not like he had never killed people before. But he’s never told people about this for a reason...

“I was nineteen.” Dream looked up suddenly at Technoblade’s shaky voice.

“I was bringing my battalion of six men to sort out a small border skirmish. It was easy. The neighboring kingdom was just checking up on its villages and didn’t realize it had camped over our borders. When I went to speak to their commander, I handed my netherite sword and armor to my second-in-command, in order to look diplomatic. Weapons/armor wise, all I had was a netherite pickaxe and a set of iron armor. We worked it out quickly, and everything was fine.”

Technoblade stared at the ground beneath his feet. He wanted to vomit.

“As we were walking away, we found a small door in a hill not too far. We didn’t think it was their secret base, and I still don’t think that to this day. When we went inside, there were a couple chests and nothing else. I told my battalion to move on, that I would catch up in a moment. They were reluctant, but my word was law.”

Technoblade’s voice cracked at the end, and Dream placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“As I was finishing up scouting out the whole place and checking out the chests, the door to the hill opened and then shut. I assumed it was one of my own, and responded as such.”

“Go on forward. I’m alright here.” Technoblade called out, still focused on the contents of the chest.

“Technoblade.”

That definitely wasn’t one of his. He turned his eyes up from the chest to the door. A small boy stood there, a black beanie on his head. He has a dark blue coat on with the seal of the neighboring kingdom. Technoblade recognized him from the discussion with who he assumed was the boy’s commander.

“Who are you?” Technoblade asked, shutting the chest carefully.

“My name is Alex. But most people call me Quackity.”

“I have no quarrel with your kingdom. What do you want?”

The boy stepped inside, shutting the door. He carefully peeled the crest of his kingdom off his chest, dropping it on the ground.

“This is personal.”

“Elaborate.”

“My father. You killed him.”

“You’ll have to elaborate further little boy. I’ve killed many men.”

“His name was Sky.”

Technoblade placed a hand on his chin. He remembered Sky.

“Black beard? Bushy eyebrows? I remember Sky, Quackity.”

“Then you remember his death. Tell me.”

Technoblade answered truthfully.

“Your father challenged me to a duel. It was his last wish, he said, to beat me in a duel. He talked about how he had a son my age, and a wife, and he was happy. But he needed to be fulfilled. He fought, and he fought well. But in the end there was nothing he could do. I beat him, fair and square. I uh, generally allow people to choose their own punishments after losing, be it simply bowing to me or giving me something. Your father requested that I kill him. I told him it was a request I could not fulfill. I would not kill him after a fair match. He got on his knees, Quackity. Begged me to run him through with my sword. I obliged.” When he finished the story, Quackity was shaking in anger.

“You liar. You liar! He wouldn’t leave me.”

“I’m not a liar Quackity. You just don’t want to accept it.”

“You are a liar. I ought to- I ought to kill you right now.” The boy was positively quivering in anger, his hands visibly shaking.

“That’s not a very good idea Quackity...” He warned, placing a hand on his hip where his sword would be. The color drained from his face when he realized.

Iron armor and a netherite pickaxe. That’s all he had.

“A murdering hybrid like you doesn’t deserve to live anyway.”

That was it. Technoblade reached to grab the handle of his pickaxe, slowly bringing it to rest in

both hands.

“I warned you Quackity. Now take it back.”

Quackity laughed, pulling a sword out of its hilt. He had put on netherite armor during their exchange, and was severely better equipped than Technoblade.

“What are you going to do? You don’t even have a sword!”

Technoblade looked at the pickaxe in his hand, then swung it to settle on his shoulder.

“I have a pickaxe Quackity. And i’ll put it through your teeth!”

The two burst into action, swinging wildly. It was a fight of passion, one man with a father to avenge and one with honor to defend.

Grunts and heavy breaths filled the air. With all the boy’s equipment and all his passion, Technoblade was simply the better fighter. He got Quackity down on his back, head having cracked against the stone floor.

Quackity’s eyes went wide with fear. He struggled for a moment, Technoblade cracking him hard with a fist to the nose. It crunched loudly, Quackity crying out. Blood poured from his nose and dripped into his mouth. Now he was shaking and sobbing.

Technoblade frowned. Then he picked the boys head up and slammed it against the stone floor. Quackity’s back arched, and then he went still. His head lolled to the side, but he was definitely still awake.

The prince leaned down and whispered in the boy’s ear.

“I am going to kill you Quackity. But it’s not going to be quick, or easy. I’m going to have you begging for something so sweet as death.”

Technoblade laughed, the boy beneath him sobbing slightly.

“Did you really think you were enough to beat me? Even unarmed and with iron armor?”

The boy’s black bangs were brushed aside by the tip of Technoblade’s pickaxe.

“Please Prince Technoblade. Don’t kill me, I’ll do anything.”

Technoblade grinned at the shivering boy he was kneeling on.

“You know something about me Alex?”

The boy shook his head, black beanie sliding onto the stone floor beneath him.

“I always keep my promises.”

He leaned in, so close that Alex could see the red dots in the center of his pupils.

“What did I say before we fought Alex?” The prince whispered in Alex’s ear.

The boy hiccuped and shuddered.

“That you have a pickaxe, and you’ll put it through my teeth.”

Technoblade smiled, and pulled his pickaxe above his head.

He brought it down on his mouth with a crack, the boy screaming so loud it rattled through Technoblade’s whole body. Quackity’s mouth was pouring blood, so much blood. There was too much blood.

Technoblade dropped the pickaxe, and brought his hands to the boy's throat. Carefully, ever so carefully, he crushed a very specific part of his throat. The boy's screams went silent. Now he was just shaking, shaking violently beneath Technoblade.

"Did you know that you only need one lung to survive a short amount of time?" Technoblade said, rolling up his sleeves.

Quackity started shaking his head frantically, blood splattering everywhere. Technoblade pulled a small pocket knife out of his chest and started to carve into Quackity's chest. He reached in, bare hands, and pulled out the boy's lung.

Technoblade smiled. As much as he was enjoying this- brutally torturing someone who challenged his honor- the boy wouldn't stay awake for much long.

"A pity. Your neck is so pretty, I hate to break it." Quackity closed his eyes. He seemed relieved.

Snap.

Technoblade opened his eyes. At some point during that telling, he had started crying. Tear stains streaked down his cheeks, and his eyes were the same red as Dream's cheeks.

Dream didn't say anything, just held out his arms. Technoblade looked at them for a second, before leaning forward and letting himself get engulfed in the king's arms.

"I'm sorry." The prince sobbed, burying his head in Dream's shoulder. He didn't know who he was apologizing to. He was saying sorry to Dream. He was saying sorry to Quackity. Hell, he was apologizing to his god above for abusing the power he was given.

"I'm so, so sorry."

Chapter End Notes

bonus scene:

random guy who lives in that hut "WHAT THE FU--"

*Quackity's body just chillin there"

A/N (Apology)

Hey guys! It's been three days since my last update and I don't have one for you tonight.

My brother found both this account AND my Wattpad account and I seriously considered deleting both. Which would mean discontinuing this story.

However i was convinced by said brother to continue writing. He promised to not read it, and that he only did it bc he didn't think my reaction would be so extreme.

So i'm sorry for not getting this chapter out, I should have it out by tomorrow.

Also the chapter I posted yesterday.

That was entirely the doing of my friends, as you might have been able to tell from the fact that I deleted it almost the moment it was posted. I'm sorry on behalf of those two, and if we could forget it happened? Please?

Hope to update tomorrow! And again, sorry.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Hey! I'm sorry for the late update, especially since this isn't a particularly long or even interesting chapter. I am motivated, it's just that everytime i pick up my phone to write my mind says "how about we watch anime instead" and that is very convincing.

Chapter Notes

TW: I guess childhood trauma? It isn't that big of a deal. Child abandonment. Also mild violence (it isn't described very in detail and it's not bad at all.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Haha! Boom! I win once again, Tubbo!" Tommy cheered, standing up and pumping his fist in the air. Tubbo sighed and put his head in his hands.

"I don't get it! How are you so good at chess?" The smaller asked, studying the board.

"Just a gift I guess!" Tommy replied, sitting back down. "I've even beat my father!"

"Yeah but- just how?"

Tommy put his chin on his crossed arms.

"I'm told chess is similar to war. Makes sense then, why I'm so good at it." Tommy shot Tubbo a grin, before turning back to the board.

"Is it?"

"Is what?"

“Is chess like war?”

Tommy sighed. He reached out and fiddled with his knight, brushing his fingers over the intricate carving.

“I’m told it is. But I don’t think so. I’m told it’s like war in the sense that you have to sacrifice certain things to achieve other things. I’ve never had to do that Tubbo. There hasn’t been a single battle where I’ve had to sacrifice one man for another.”

Tubbo looked at him curiously.

“You’ve never lost a man?”

“No. Never. Never lost a man nor a battle.”

Tubbo fiddled with the king in his hands. He curled up his feet so they were tucked under his body, the leather chair creaking as he adjusted.

Tommy did the same, copying the boy’s actions. They sat there quietly for a few minutes, the only noise throughout the sitting room was the soft crackling of the fire. Tubbo glanced up at the blonde haired boy. Tommy was staring at the fire, flames reflecting in his blue eyes.

“Do you ever feel bad Tommy?” Tubbo asked suddenly. It startled the prince, who dropped his legs down and slid further down the chair.

“Feel bad about what?”

Tubbo fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable with asking the question. But he continued anyway.

“Killing all those people. Winning all those battles. All that bloodshed.”

Tommy scrunched his face up, sliding fully out of his chair. Now he was plopped on the ground, long legs splayed out in front of him. His back arched awkwardly against the chair, and his palms

laid face up in his lap.

“Not exactly. I only ever feel bad when it’s innocent blood, you know?” Tommy said, glancing up to meet eyes with Tubbo. The shorter boy’s eyebrows twitched in confusion.

“But they’re soldiers. None of them are innocent, are they?” Tubbo asked, tilting his chin up to glance at the mantle of the fireplace.

“Too many innocents get involved in war.” Tommy sighed once more, studying the hands laying in his lap. “Spouses of soldiers, elderly, little children. I’ve seen too many of them die.”

Tommy looked up suddenly. “And my father doesn’t seem to care.”

Tubbo looked down at Tommy. “What?”

“I come home and tell him. I tell him that a little boy died in my arms today. He was in the house the other soldiers were hiding in. I tried to keep him talking, tried to keep him alive. His name was Daniel, and he really liked bears because they were fluffy.”

Tommy pulled his legs up to his chest and hugged his arms around them.

“And he says something like ‘Poor boy was in the wrong place at the wrong time. It happens.’ And then pats my head and walks away.”

Tubbo shivered.

“My father has such questionable morals. Everyone always praises him for being so fair and just and it makes me sick!” Tommy spat out the words like they were venom, Tubbo wincing despite the fact that the poison was not directed at him.

“I remember once I was at history lessons. And we take lessons with the noble children until we turn fourteen you see. I was very small, maybe seven or eight?” Tubbo nodded. It was different in the North, the royals had private tutors and the noble children went to school together.

“I remember one of the children made fun of how pale my skin was. But my skin is so pale because of a condition I have, so they were told not to make fun of it. And listen, Tubbo it was a lot worse when I was a child, my skin was almost yellow.”

Tubbo cringed slightly. Tommy definitely had an iron deficiency. Not having sun for the better part of eight months in this freezing kingdom couldn't help either.

“And I just got so mad Tubbo. Little eight year old me punched that kid in the face, and would've gone further if I didn't get stopped by one of our teachers. She told my father, and he gave me a long speech about how I shouldn't hurt other children because I was mad. That I should talk it out first.”

Tubbo nodded. Not to lie, that sounded reasonable on Philza's part. But something from the fire burning in Tommy's eyes told Tubbo there was more to the story.

“And then Tubbo. And then. Not two hours later. My pink-haired brother Technoblade got home from his lessons.” He hissed out his brother's name with pure malice. Like he wanted nothing more than to run him through with a sword.

“He came home. Blood covering his knuckles and staining his shirt. Father had asked him what happened. All he said was that some kid had an annoying voice, so he broke his nose.” Tommy turned his head sharply to stare at his hands. His fingers slowly curled around themselves, turning into fists.

“You know what my father responded with Tubbo? ‘Good job kid, I'm proud of you.’” Tommy snarled out. Tubbo could practically feel anger radiating off him. He reached out a hand and placed it gently on the Prince's shoulder, feeling how hard he was quivering.

“Double-standard hypocrite.” The prince muttered, twitching as Tubbo placed a hand on his shoulder but not pushing him away.

“Hey Tommy.” Tubbo said, placing a hand on his cheek. Tommy turned towards the shorter boy.

“What?”

“It’s ok to be angry. That’s perfectly alright. But sometimes you have to let go.” Tubbo dropped his hand.

“What do you mean?”

Tubbo sighed. “When I was little, my parents told me they could not keep me anymore. I was eight as well. They told me to leave and to not come back. I was lucky enough to stumble upon King Dream when I was ten, who brought me back to the castle.”

Tommy’s eyes widened. His parents just abandoned him? He was alone for three years?

“I had so much pent up rage directed towards my parents. But every time I got mad, I would remind myself. They had a reason. We were poor, and I was an extra mouth to feed.”

Tubbo scooted over to sit next to Tommy.

“So ask yourself, why was your father like that?”

Tommy sat in silence for a moment, staring at his feet.

“Because we are different people, who are being raised for different reasons.”

“Which means?”

“Sometimes we have to be taught differently.”

Tubbo nodded approvingly.

“Exactly. So let go of your anger. I promise it will feel better.”

Tommy closed his eyes and exhaled. Deep breaths shook his chest. Then he opened his eyes.

“Well? Does it feel better?”

Tommy nodded. It actually did feel better, like a weight had been lifted off his chest. Like a slot in his mind had opened up, leaving that rage behind.

It felt light, airy.

It felt right.

Tubbo flopped on top of Tommy’s bed, huffing out a breath.

“I am so bored Tommy.”

The prince landed next to him, sighing.

“We could prank Wilbur?”

Tubbo scrunched up his face.

“But last time he told your dad and I don’t wanna do that again.” The boy whined.

“We could go help Nikki bake bread?”

“She went to sleep early because apparently she has a lot to do tomorrow.”

Tommy huffed. They sat in silence for a moment, thinking hard.

“Oh Tommy!” Tubbo squealed, suddenly remembering something he had heard from the townsfolk.

Tommy turned towards Tubbo, gesturing for him to continue.

“I was down in the village the other day getting some honey sticks from the market.” Tommy raised an eyebrow.

“Ok... Continue.”

“And I heard the shopkeeper talking to one of his customers about a rumor.”

“Really! What about?” Tommy leaned in closer. That shopkeeper always had all the gossip.

“Your brother in fact. Wilbur.” Tubbo grinned. Tommy’s eyes widened.

“Oh really? What were they saying?”

Tubbo let out a stifled giggle.

“They were saying that your brother has been hanging out with one of the farmer boys!”

Tommy’s mouth dropped.

“Tell me more!” He practically squealed.

“They said they were walking through town together. Wilbur was wearing a mask, but it dropped for a second and everyone is *certain* that it’s him.”

Tommy's mouth curled into a smile.

"My brother? With a farmer boy? How interesting."

The two giggled loudly, those giggles slowly turning into laughs. When the two stopped, Tommy's eyes lit up.

"Oh! I almost forgot. I heard something about King Dream!"

Tubbo leaned in.

"Did you? Who from?"

"Funnily enough, Wilbur! He said that King Dream and George are in love!"

Tubbo gasped.

"Oh my god. Actually?"

Tommy nodded, a full-tooth smile spreading across his face.

"Tommy I swear I thought that for so long but this just confirms that."

"Really? Why?"

Tubbo leaned in close.

"Dream is always super handsy with George. One time, during a meeting, Dream put his hand on George's thigh."

Tommy gasped.

“Actually?”

Tubbo nodded, a smirk plastered onto his face.

“I only noticed because I stand behind them at meetings.”

Tommy and Tubbo started laughing like little kids, Tommy laughing so hard he rolled off the bed.

All of a sudden, the door burst open and Sapnap ran through it.

“Are you two ok? Is everything alright?”

“Yeah we- we’re ok Sap-sapnap.” Tubbo let out between wheezes. The guard in question raised an eyebrow before slowly turning around and shutting the door behind him.

The two’s laughter slowly died down, leaving silence in it’s wake.

Tubbo looked over to meet eyes with Tommy. Both of them burst out laughing once more.m

“Do- don’t look at me like tha- that, Tubbo!”

“Then st-stop looking a- at me!”

Sapnap smiled from outside the room.

It was good for them.

To just be kids.

Chapter End Notes

School starting up soon so my updates might start getting as late as this one so.... sorry.

A/N. Please read.

I promised myself I wouldn't make another A/N. Sorry guys, but this is important.

I will no longer be watching Callmecarson's videos. I will no longer support Callmecarson. And neither should you. If anyone here refuses to stop supporting Carson, get off my work. I don't want you here.

For anyone who doesn't know.

Callmecarson groomed and sexted multiple of his underage fans.

This was brought to light by Noah and Traves, former members of the lunch club, along with one of the victims. Carson was nineteen at the time, with the girl being seventeen. The sexting was mutual.

Notice how i didn't say consensual? News flash, minors can't give consent.

There is a lot of proof. The most prominent being the fact that Carson admitted it.

There are screenshots of the conversation between the girl and Carson.

Carson told EVERYONE in the lunch club about this, but only Noah and Traves came forward. While I think they should have come forward earlier, I don't blame them for being scared. I'm not excusing them hiding it, i'm just saying that i understand.

There are rumors that Carson threatened to sue them if they said anything, but i'm not 100% sure about it so don't spread false information.

I do not know how to put screenshots into this, but here are some things that were said over the chat:

Carson: "I'm scared i want to talk to you for the wrong reasons."

Girl: "Elaborate?"

Carson: "What if I only want to talk to you for the sexual part of it. What if subconsciously I only talk to you because it turns me on?"

[...] (these are breaks in the conversation)

Carson: "Idk. All I know is that every time I jack off now I have a really hard time not thinking about you."

[...]

Girl: "But like I said I didn't want it to be just sexual you know. I wouldn't mind calling and watching shit together or play something you feel?"

Carson: "Yeah I feel you. Just hmu next time you're horny."

There's more.

This makes me sick to my stomach.

If you want more info leave a comment.

[EDIT]

By the way, Carson was one month away from turning twenty at the time these screenshots were taken, and no one knows when it stopped.

Also.

It's not about the age gap. It's about the power Carson had over these girls. They were fans, he could've asked them to do anything and they would have done it.

He asked for nudes.

I don't know if he got them.

This goes beyond getting canceled.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

IM ALIVE

Sorry it's been forever, here's 5.1k words to make up for the fact it's been over a week since i gave you a real chapter.

Chapter Notes

CW for aggressively implied NSFW, there's no actual smut but i'd call it lemon.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur jogged through the town square, mask occasionally slipping off his face. A hand was placed firmly on his head, keeping the hat down. The only part of his body that was visible was his bright eyes.

Schlatt was leaning against a wall, checking his watch.

Wilbur grinned, and slowed his jogging to a quiet walk. He crept up behind Schlatt, and suddenly placed his hands on the smaller man's shoulders.

"Boo!" Schlatt jumped almost three feet in the air, whirling around with his hands out in fists. Wilbur took his hands off and started laughing at the shocked expression on Schlatt's face.

"Your face! Oh that was priceless."

Schlatt frowned and dropped his fists.

"I hate you." He mumbled, frown growing into a smile. Wilbur just kept laughing, and Schlatt shoved him slightly.

"C'mon, you're late Will. My mom might get all worried."

"Your mom is going to get worried? You're twenty one J."

"Shut up." This only caused Wilbur to laugh harder, and he slowly sunk down to sit, his back pressed against the wall. Schlatt followed suit, his long legs splayed out in front of him.

"How long do we have today?" Schlatt asked when Wilbur's laughter died down.

"As long as we want. My father is doing something with King Eret. He said it was private, so I don't have to go!" Wilbur smiled and ran a hand through his hair.

"Isn't that weird to you?" Schlatt asked, leaning his head on Wilbur's shoulder.

“Hmm?”

“You know, King Eret is barely two years older than us. King Dream is literally younger than us. That must be stressful, right?”

“Yeah. I mean I’m struggling just learning how to be king, I can’t imagine what it’s like for Dream. He’s younger than me, doesn’t have parents, and his kingdom is a mess from his father’s rule.”

“He seems to be doing well.” Schlatt sighed.

“But meeting King Eret was exciting!” Wilbur said, perking up.

“Oh really? Why?”

“Well he’s got this curse. He always wears sunglasses, because his eyes are just a pure white. And they say he gets voices in his head.”

Schlatt visibly shuddered. “Freaky. How’d he get cursed?”

“Some weird monster-entity thing. I’m pretty sure that my father is trying to find a cure for him, and that’s what they’re talking about.”

“Well at least he won’t notice you’re gone!”

Wilbur nodded, smile spreading across his face. He stood up, offering a hand to the hybrid sitting in front of him.

“Let’s go!”

Schlatt took his hand, and they pulled in unison.

The two walked through the town, hand in hand. They chatted endlessly about everything and nothing. Occasionally, a comfortable silence would fall over them, and they would simply walk with smiles. The lack of words wasn’t awkward amongst the pair. They were content to sit in each other’s company, eager to bask in the warm rays radiating from their smiles.

They were the perfect contrast to each other. Schlatt’s cold hand was perfectly encircled in Wilbur’s warm one. The two were the perfect heights where Wilbur could lean his chin perfectly on the top of Schlatt’s head.

They were like a perfect fit. Schlatt the key and Wilbur the lock.

“Mom! I’m home!” Schlatt called as he stepped through the dark oak door. As the pair walked into the house, they were immediately bombarded by two small children.

“Jay jay!” One of them shouted.

“Hi Wilby.” The other crept out from behind him, waving a hand.

“Hey Grayson! Hey Sam!” Schlatt said, picking both of the little boys up to his hips. Wilbur smiled, ruffling Sam’s green hair. The little boy grinned and leaned into his touch.

“Hey J? I broke a window. Can you say it was the cat?” A fourteen year old boy came rushing down the stairs, hair ruffled and face bright red.

“Sure Karl I-“

“J! Look at this picture I drew.” A ten year old boy had somehow appeared in front of the two, and Schlatt nodded.

“Very nice Jack. Can I put you two down?” He said, referring to the two fidgeting boys in his arms.

Sam wiggled out of his grasp, and Grayson followed suit.

Schlatt leaned back once the two had run away.

“Oh lord.” Schlatt said, sighing and running a hand through his hair.

Wilbur chuckled lightly.

“Those kids love you.” He said, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“I’m surprised they didn’t say anything to you!” Schlatt said.

“Oh you know. They’re just so used to me.” He said with a smile. Schlatt shoved him lightly.

“C’mon. Let’s go.”

The two spent the afternoon making dinner for the whole family. With six kids, plus Wilbur, Schlatt, and their mom, it was a struggle.

“No, I swear I washed that spoon already.” Schlatt said, picking up the wooden spoon. “See? It’s wet.”

“Yeah it could be wet from like, your gross slobbery mouth.” Wilbur said, grabbing it from his hands.

“Give that back.” Schlatt growled, going to grab it.

“No, I don’t think I will.” Wilbur grinned, and bopped the shorter man on his head. He was met with a huff.

“Ok fine, I’ll wash it again anyways since you’re so paranoid Mister I’ve-never-had-to-cook-in-my-life.”

“For your information, we did have to learn how to cook in our lessons.”

Schlatt burst out laughing.

“Why are you laughing? Stop- hey stop laughing!” Wilbur frowned and poked him with a ladle. This only caused Schlatt to laugh harder, and he put a hand back to lean on the counter. But his hand missed, and he only succeeded in getting his feet slipped out from under him as he collapsed on the wooden kitchen floor.

Wilbur’s face immediately switched to concern. But when Schlatt only started wheezing, he too started to giggle.

“Wil- Wil- the soups gonna burn Will.” Schlatt barely managed to get out between laughs.

“What am I supposed to do? Stir it with your spit spoon?” The horned man started to laugh so hard he had no air left, and was forced to just sit on the floor gasping for breath.

“You look like a fish lying on the floor of a boat.”

“Wilbur! Stop making me laugh-“

Somehow the two managed to finish their soup. Wilbur ladled it out into nine bowls and carefully set the table.

The prince sighed, hauling himself onto the counter.

“Where’s your sister? Why didn’t she help us?” Wilbur asked, flipping a spoon up and down in his hands. Schlatt smiled and leaned up to place a small kiss on his cheek.

“Because she’s a bitch.” He replied, a soft smile still on his mouth.

Not five seconds later, a pink haired teenager walked into the kitchen and glared at Schlatt.

“No, it’s because i didn’t want to watch you two be all cutesy and lovey dovey for an hour straight.” She marched over to the table and sniffed the soup.

“Minx! That’s not your bowl!” Schlatt screeched, yanking his sister back.

“So?” She scoffed.

“So you’re going to get your boogers in it, bitch.”

“Call me that one more time and I will rip your horns clean out of your head.”

Schlatt stepped back, hands up. A smirk slowly spread across his face. Wilbur sighed and placed his chin in his hand.

“Ok... bitch.”

Minx’s expression hardened. The two glared at each other for a moment, before Minx lunged at Schlatt. At that moment, the front door opened and the two froze.

Minx had one hand on her brother’s horn and one hand behind her head, balled in a fist. Both of Schlatt’s hands were up protecting his face from the inevitable punch. Wilbur was simply sitting on the counter, a hand placed on his chin with an amused expression on his face.

“J! Minx! Stop it right now.” Their mother walked through the kitchen archway, smacking the two lightly on their heads.

The two immediately separated and started pleading their case.

“She was going to punch me!”

“He called me a bitch! Three times!”

The older woman shook her head and turned away.

“I don’t want to hear it.”

Her face immediately brightened when she saw Wilbur.

“Oh Wilbur dear! So nice to have you!” She rushed over to him, wrapping her arms around the flustered prince.

“Thank you Mrs. Schlatt.” He said, awkwardly prying himself out of her furry arms. She was a hybrid as well, and her arms were covered in fluffy white fur.

“Oh dear. How many times do I have to tell you to just call me Puffy?”

“At least one more time Mrs. Schlatt.” Wilbur replied with a smile, hopping off the counter.

She shook her head and turned away.

“Boys! Dinner!” She shouted as loud as possible. There was a moment of silence before the sound of way too many feet running through the house.

“Ha! I beat you!” Sam shouted, stepping into the kitchen. Grayson was barely a step behind him and pouted.

“Not fair. You got a head start.”

Sam just stuck out his tongue and the two clambered onto their chairs.

Jack and Liam walked in, the younger boy ranting about something.

“And then he said that my face was ugly, so I told him he would be more ugly with a broken nose!” Jack shouted, miming a punch. Liam just nodded, pretending to be interested in anything his brother was saying.

They all sat down, only one chair left empty. Puffy sighed.

“Karl! Come on! Your soups going to get cold!”

“Sorry mom! One sec!”

The brown haired boy ran down the stairs, a hand held out in front of him carefully. He clearly had something in his fist, and Puffy raised an eyebrow.

“Karl? What do you have?” The boy blushed before opening his hand slightly. A little white mouse was sitting in his hands, wiggling around his palm.

“Why the hell do you have a mouse Karl?” Liam asked, raising an eyebrow at the other.

Karl smiled and gently pet the animal with one finger.

“It’s so cute isn’t it? Can I keep it mom?” He pleaded, sticking out his bottom lip.

“Let him have the mouse.” Schlatt whispered to his mom, who nodded.

“You can keep it. But get it out of the kitchen.” Karl’s face lit up, and he danced happily before running up the stairs to put it back in his room.

When he got back, the whole table finally dug into their soup. It was surprisingly good, considering

the fact that Wilbur had almost no cooking experience.

The table was filled with loud chatter, at least three different conversations going. Wilbur and Schlatt sat next to each other, hands intertwined underneath the table. Wilbur gently squeezed the smaller man's hand, and was met with a smile. Minx stared at the two before rolling her eyes and turning back to Liam.

Schlatt dropped his spoon into his empty bowl, the silver clinking gently. He reached over to grab Wilbur's bowl and stood up.

"Mom? Can Will and I be excused?"

The ram smiled and nodded, gesturing for them to leave. Schlatt dropped the bowls into the sink, and the two ran up the stairs to the second floor, feet loudly echoing on the wood.

When they got to the space just outside the twins' room, Wilbur reached up and yanked down a trapdoor. The two climbed the ladder into the attic, Schlatt's room.

The hybrid flopped onto his bed and stretched out. Wilbur followed suit, the two laying on the bed in silence.

"It would be nice if you had a window up there." Wilbur said, jerking his chin towards the ceiling.

"Hmm?"

"So we can watch the stars. But not be too cold."

Schlatt smiled.

"That reminds me. I have something to show you." Schlatt stood up and walked over to his window, sliding the glass pane up. A gust of cold wind rushed into the room, making Wilbur wince.

Schlatt beckoned for Wilbur to come over. The prince cautiously peered out the windowsill, seeing only the blackness of night and the dark green of the grass, faint from three stories up.

Schlatt swung his legs so he was sitting on the windowsill before standing up and grabbing something on the roof. Now he was standing, body completely outside the attic window, hanging over a three story drop.

Wilbur raised an eyebrow, stepping away from the open window.

"Do you trust me?" Schlatt asked, holding out a hand.

"W-what?"

"Do you trust me?" He insisted. And well, with the cold air blowing through his beautiful hair, and with the way his mouth curled up into a smile, his perfect lips wrapping around his fangs, and with the moon sparkling deep in his amber eyes, how could Wilbur say no?

"Yes." He replied finally, placing his hand in the soft one before him. Schlatt smiled. He pulled Wilbur close and leaned down to whisper in his ear.

"Jump away from the house."

Then he took his hand out of Wilbur's and jumped backwards away from the windowsill. Wilbur

gasped and ran to the window, staring down. He heard a small yelp, then saw a figure go flying up far away from the house.

Wilbur stared into the night, mouth agape. But he had said he trusted Johnathan, so he too stepped onto the windowsill. He took a deep breath, bent his knees, and jumped out as far as he could go.

Wind whistled through his ears as he flew through the air, picking up speed. His eyes widened as the ground grew closer, his arms flailing. His body turned, and now he was on a straight collision course to belly flop on the ground. He closed his eyes. The impact wouldn't kill him, probably just injure him. His father would be so mad. He would probably be grounded and forbidden from ever seeing Johnathan again.

His body came into contact with the ground. But instead of feeling searing pain on impact, his body hit something firm, yet forgiving. It curled around him, sinking in. Wilbur had a moment of relief before the substance suddenly snapped up. His body was flung through the air, and he was definitely higher than his jump off the house. Now the ground was coming close once again, and this time he's going to die. Or at least get paralyzed.

He braced himself once he was about three stories above the ground, but again he didn't hit the ground. Instead something soft curled around his body, and didn't fling him up. His hands gripped it intently through the holes.

A net.

It was a net. Wilbur sighed in relief, turning his head to search for Schlatt.

He heard Schlatt laughing somewhere to his left, and he looked up. The hybrid was sitting on a wooden board protruding from a barn type building.

"You trusted me!" Schlatt said with a smile, holding out a hand to the disheveled prince.

Wilbur smiled and grabbed his hand. He wiggled off the net onto the wooden board.

"That was terrifying Schlatt." Wilbur said, standing up on solid ground. "But exhilarating."

Schlatt smiled at his lover's words.

"It took me so much time to line that up properly. Don't worry, I used safety while I was planning it." Schlatt stretched up to place a kiss on Wilbur's nose.

"Now for your real surprise. Close your eyes." Wilbur cocked an eyebrow, but closed his eyes tightly. Schlatt grabbed his hands and backed through the open door. He let go of the other's hands once they were inside. Wilbur heard a door shut, and Schlatt placed his hands on Wilbur's shoulders.

"Open."

When Wilbur opened his eyes, he could've sworn he was in heaven. They were in a loft of some sort, a makeshift bed in the center of the wooden floor. A skylight was directly above it, shining the light of the moon on the pile of blankets.

But surrounding the blankets and placed all along the loft was an array of colorful crystals and bright rocks. Forest green, ice blue, sunset orange. They glittered and sparkled in the light of the moon, sending colorful rays of light shining across the pair's face. Wilbur's mouth dropped open. It was beautiful.

Schlatt smiled at the expression on Wilbur's face.

"Do you like it?"

Wilbur stared at the crystals for another moment before turning to Schlatt.

"Do I like it? Darling, I adore it."

He pulled Schlatt into a kiss, breaking it to hug him tightly.

"How long did this take?"

"Two months." Schlatt smiled and led Wilbur over to the pile of blankets.

They two laid down next to each other, hands intertwined. The skylight offered a perfect view of the stars, twinkling even brighter than the crystals. They laid in the warmth of each other, each in the comfort provided by the other's presence. Their heartbeats were synced, their breathing in perfect succession. The stars lulled Wilbur into a state of bliss, pure relaxation falling over him. His muscles relaxed, his body releasing a tension he had been holding for far too long.

Suddenly, Schlatt's lips were on his. His, soft lips brushing against his own chapped ones. Wilbur sat up and pulled Schlatt closer to him, their bodies pressed flush together.

They held each other close, only breaking apart for a breath of much needed air. Wilbur panted for a moment before pulling Schlatt into a kiss once more.

Wilbur froze for a moment as he felt a hand sliding up his thigh. But he shook it off and deepened the kiss. He felt teeth on his bottom lip, the hybrid's fangs pricking his lip softly. Wilbur let out a soft whine, and felt Schlatt's tongue slip into his mouth.

His heart stuttered, and the prince jerked away suddenly, shoving the smaller man off him. Schlatt's eyes widened and he stood up quickly.

"I- I'm sorry Wilbur that was totally unprecedented and I'll stop now--"

"John."

The hybrid looked up in surprise at Wilbur's demanding tone.

"I was just startled. I'm fine."

"So you're ok with..." Schlatt went back to the pile of blankets and sat down next to Wilbur. Suddenly, Wilbur was laying on his back and Schlatt was above him. Schlatt leaned down so the stubble on his chin just barely grazed his jawline.

Wilbur shivered as the hybrid's hot breath tickled his ear.

"Let me know if you want me to stop."

Wilbur nodded desperately as his mouth gently bit down on his ear.

Wilbur cried out as Schlatt sucked a hickey onto his collarbone.

"So sensitive." Schlatt muttered. "Has anyone ever done this to you before?"

"N- no. Never." Wilbur replied, sucking in a breath as Schlatt's hands went up to his shirt.

“Really? With a face as gorgeous as this.” Schlatt cupped Wilbur’s cheek in his hand.

“And a body as perfect as this.” He finished with the buttons, carefully peeling the shirt off of Wilbur’s heaving chest.

Schlatt stood on his knees for a moment, admiring the prince before him. His face was red and flushed, his hair completely a mess.

“Johnnnn.” Wilbur whined, squirming underneath the hybrid.

“You’re so beautiful, princess.” Wilbur’s flush deepened at the name.

“Don’t worry darling.” Schlatt leaned down and captured him in a gentle kiss. “I’ll make you feel good.”

Sunbeams filtered in through the window of the hayloft, gently landing on Wilbur’s sleeping form. Schlatt sat, fiddling with a crystal and taking in the prince before him.

He looked so gentle, so peaceful. His chest slowly rising and falling, amber curls turning golden in the light. Schlatt leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on his nose, causing the prince to scrunch his nose and turn over.

His eyes fluttered open, landing on Schlatt’s. A soft smile grazed across his face.

“Good morning, princess.” Schlatt said, running his hands through Wilbur’s soft curls.

“G’morning, J.” Wilbur said, sitting up and pulling Schlatt close into him. His voice was hoarse from the night before, scratchy and deep. It sounded painful to Schlatt. Wilbur’s face pressed into his shoulder, Schlatt’s nose buried in the brunette’s hair.

They stayed like that, warmth radiating off their two naked bodies. It felt like pure bliss. It was heaven, being so close to Wilbur.

But all good things had to end.

Slowly, Schlatt sat up and placed a kiss on his head.

“C’mon darling, there are some things we need to do.”

They had both fallen asleep immediately last night, and he was not about to neglect aftercare after Wilbur’s first time.

“Why?” The taller man whined, burying his face in Schlatt’s chest.

“Just throw on some pants and a shirt, we need to go back to the house.”

Reluctantly, Wilbur listened to his boyfriend’s words and pulled on some pants. Once they were both fully dressed, the two walked back to the house and quietly entered through the back door.

Schlatt led him through the silent house, all the way back up to the attic. The two stepped inside the bathroom and the hybrid turned on the water for the bathtub.

Wilbur raised an eyebrow, but Schlatt just gestured for him to get in the tub. The prince carefully stripped down and stepped into the tub, muscles instantly relaxing at the warm water encasing him.

Schlatt joined him in the water, and gently flipped Wilbur around. Wilbur let out a small squeak as the water sloshed around in the tub.

“J? What’re you-“ Wilbur cut himself off as he felt Schlatt’s fists massaging into his back. A hand kneaded his sore ass while another worked out the kinks in his back.

“Feel good?” Schlatt murmured into his neck as Wilbur let out a gasp.

“Mmm, yes.” Wilbur responded. Schlatt concentrated on relaxing Wilbur and making sure he felt good, while the prince simply laid there.

It felt so good, Schlatt’s hands on his back. Where it had once been sore and tight, it now felt better than he could have ever remembered.

Wilbur let out a whine when Schlatt pulled his hands away and stood up.

“C’mon darling.”

Wilbur realized that they must have been sitting there for quite some time, as the bath water was now a lukewarm temperature, whereas it had been steaming hot when he first stepped in.

Schlatt bent over and scooped him out of the bath, placing him on the bathroom floor before pulling out the bath plug.

Suddenly, a warm fluffy towel enveloped Wilbur completely. He giggles as he leaned back, Schlatt wrapping the towel around the prince. He didn’t take his arms off, instead scooping him up once more and carrying him over to his bed.

“These may fit you, they’re the biggest things I have.” The hybrid held up a long pair of pants and a large shirt. Wilbur accepted them, pulling the pants on and tugging the shirt over his head.

They smelled like honeysuckles and hay. Like sunbeams and grass stains. They smelled like J, his J. And that was more than enough.

Wilbur and Schlatt carefully walked downstairs, their footsteps silent as they walked on the second floor. Loud snoring could be heard throughout the floor, and they successfully made it to the kitchen without waking anyone.

Schlatt took out a ceramic teapot, filling it with water and setting it on the stove. Wilbur sat down at the kitchen chair, wincing slightly at the pain in his ass. It wasn’t awful, just a little uncomfortable.

“Are you okay baby?” Schlatt asked, turning on the stove. Wilbur nodded, and Schlatt came to sit next to him.

“What’s all this?” Wilbur asked, voice still scratchy.

“What do you mean darling?”

“You know. All this, special care.”

Schlatt hummed and placed a kiss on Wilbur’s lips.

“It’s called aftercare Will. It’s for after sex. And since this was your first time, it’s super important.”

Wilbur nodded. The tea pot whistled, and Schlatt stood up to go get it.

Steam billowed from the hot water as it was transferred into a mug. The hybrid carefully placed a teabag in the mug, stirring it around a couple times. Then he retrieved some sugar and honey from the cabinet beside the stove.

“Now I know you don’t really like honey in your tea, but it’ll make your throat feel better.”

One spoonful of honey later, and the mug was sitting in front of Wilbur.

“Thanks so much.” Wilbur wrapped his hands around the mug. They sat in silence for a few moments, the only noise coming from Wilbur sipping his tea.

“Hey Will?”

Wilbur looked up at the sound of his name.

“Was that really your first time?”

Wilbur blushed and turned back to his tea. His mouth opened, then as though he had changed his mind it closed again.

“You don’t have to answer, it’s just that-“

“Yes.”

Schlatt blinked at the prince.

“I don’t really feel that? How do I explain this.” He put his head in his hands.

“Hey, take your time.” Schlatt rubbed circles into his back.

“That was the first time I ever had that feeling. That want, that need. It was so new.”

Schlatt furrowed his eyebrows, before they jumped up on his face.

“Oh! My brother says that! I mean he’s barely fifteen, but he doesn’t feel it either.”

Wilbur looked up.

“It’s not- it’s not just me?”

Schlatt frowned.

“Of course not!”

“I’ve never wanted to because- oh jeez how do I explain this part?” Wilbur scrunched up his nose before sighing.

“Schlatt I- be honest with me. Am I attractive to an extent it’s almost odd? Artificial?”

Schlatt blinked, before nodding.

“I didn’t understand it at first, I guess you’re just really my type!” He said with a laugh.

“No it’s- it’s not just you. Schlatt, I have a blessing.”

“A blessing?” The hybrid repeated.

“I was blessed by the god of beauty. I am the embodiment of physical perfection.”

Schlatt nodded slowly.

“I see.” He said softly.

“People don’t really love me, they love the idea of me. You know?” Wilbur looked down at his hands. “You’re the first person I feel an actual connection with. You’re the first person that it doesn’t feel so artificial.”

Schlatt pulled him in for a hug.

“Oh darling, I love you so much. I love your curly brown hair and the way your eyes glitter. I love the way the sun makes your skin glow and the way your smile looks spread across your face. But I also love the way you laugh, the way your eyes light up when you talk about something you’re excited about. I love the way you love your brothers, and the way you care about me.”

Wilbur smiled into Schlatt’s shoulder, his cheeks blushing at the compliments.

“I love you so much.”

“I love you too J.”

‘Shit shit shit shit shit shit-’

Wilbur’s internal monologue was going insane. It was noon, and he had conveniently forgotten that he had lunch plans he was required to attend.

‘Oh shit oh shit. Dad’s going to have my head stuffed on a wall.’

He had exactly fifteen minutes to brush his hair, change his clothing, and get down to the dining room before he was late.

He frantically pulled on his pants, fumbling with the belt.

‘Curse these fancy silver things.’

“Prince Wilbur! Your crown- oh.”

Niyebe burst through the door, Wilbur still shirtless and fumbling with his belt.

“You are aware you have to be downstairs in ten minutes, right?”

“Sorry Niyebe, I kinda forgot about Eret.”

Niyebe stared at his chest. Specifically, she was staring at the bruises all over his chest.

“Wilbur, did you fend off an assassin last night?” She said with a wink, placing the crown on his dresser.

“Please, Niyebe.”

“Sorry, sorry. Get downstairs ASAP. Your dad is already angry.”

Wilbur wrapped the chains around his throat, adjusting them so they covered the bruises on his neck. Thankfully his clothes covered him all the way up to his neck, so all the bruises were shielded.

Lastly, he draped the crown over his head. A quick swipe of his mascara and some concealer, and he was done. He quickly gave himself a onceover to assess the damage.

‘Not bad.’

A glance at his watch told him he had two minutes until he was expected at lunch.

One minute later he arrived at the dining hall.

That might’ve been the fastest he ever walked through the castle.

Tommy was fiddling with his fork, and he glanced up when Wilbur entered the hall. Eret looked up as well, sunglasses still perched on his nose.

“Oh thank god. Can we eat now dad?”

“Yes Tommy. Be patient.” Philza replied, a strained smile on his face.

Eret let out a small laugh, turning his head to face Wilbur.

“I apologize for my appearance King Eret. I overslept.” Wilbur said with a bow.

“Ah. Not a problem Prince Wilbur. I’m blind.”

The whole room went silent, but Eret simply let a placid smile flit over his face, and he turned back to Philza.

“I wasn’t- I wasn’t aware you were blind King Eret. You did not include that in your symptoms.”

“I didn’t think it was very relevant. It was one of the first things to go.”

Tommy stared at Eret with such an intensity that Wilbur swore he was attempting to use telekinesis.

Eret sighed and turned towards the blonde boy.

“Prince Tommy, I can feel your questioning gaze on my neck. What is it?”

Tommy shifted uncomfortably.

“I was just wondering, umm, how you lost your vision?”

Philza face palmed and turned away.

“An all powerful deity used my body as a vessel.”

“Oh.”

They sat in uncomfortable silence until the soup was served, and even then it was quiet. Eret seemed completely unbothered, a peaceful expression washing over their face. The scars going from their mouth and disappearing under their sunglasses were pulled taut with their smile.

“What do you think of the soup King Eret?” Wilbur asked, attempting to make conversation.

“Oh, it’s good! I’m not a very picky eater.” The king replied with a small laugh.

“Oh, Tommy is a very picky eater.” Philza said. Tommy crossed his arms and pouted.

“It’s not my fault things taste bad! Does anything taste bad to you?”

Eret shifted in his chair.

“Well I can’t really, um, taste things.” They said.

Tommy rolled his eyes.

“Is there anything you CAN do?” He muttered under his breath. It was quiet enough that only Philza could hear him, and he received a swift kick under the desk for his comment.

“My hearing is mostly intact!” Eret replied with a smile.

Tommy’s mouth dropped open.

“I didn’t- I mean- I wasn’t trying to-“ He stammered, unable to get the words out.

“Not a problem Tommy. Worse things have been said about me when they think I can’t hear.” The king said with a wave.

Tommy blushed hard and went back to eating his soup.

‘This is going just fantastic.’

Chapter End Notes

hehe pet names go brrrrrr

also isn’t Eret such an unbothered queen?

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

ONE MONTH SINCE I POSTED THE FIRST CHAPTER! HELL YEAH!

Chapter Notes

it's only a filler chapter, don't get too excited.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The tea was hot. It smelled sweet. Chai, maybe.

"I saw him in town yesterday afternoon."

"Oh really?"

A nod. A small sip. Yes, it was chai.

"His mask slipped down for a just moment, but it was definitely him."

"Yes well, he left yesterday afternoon and didn't come back until morning."

The tea sloshed slightly.

"That's a first. Spending the night?"

"Not only that, but he came back covered in hickeys."

A small chuckle.

"Pretty boy's got a lover."

"I wonder what his father would say."

Silence.

"It's good for him to get out. His father is smothering him."

"Agreed."

"He's not fit for the throne."

He laughed again.

"No he is not."

"It's nothing against him of course, the crown is not for everyone."

“The little prince would be a far better match. Tommy.”

“The king is blinded by tradition.”

“You would know better than I.”

She checked the small clock on the wall.

“It’s almost dinner time. I had better get back to the castle.”

“Of course Niyebe. See you later.”

“Bye Skeppy.”

“Hey Niyebe?”

She paused at the shop door, locking eyes with him.

“I know who he’s seeing.”

Chapter End Notes

the next couple chapters will be solely dreamnoblade.

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

debby ryans
look who's back

Chapter Notes

Esteemed guests, i'm sure you've noticed. A short chapter after such a long wait? What is this? Well dear readers; I have fallen into the darkest of pits. One that a writer should never hope to encounter. The descent is long and deep, and once you find yourself down there it's over for you. It will take ages to claw yourself out. That's right my friends, i am talking about writers block.

i knew what i wanted to do, i just couldn't do it. BUT! i have made my way out of that pit :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The library was one of the biggest rooms Dream had ever been in. It was covered wall to wall, floor to ceiling in bookshelves. Hundreds, maybe thousands of the leather-bound pages. His eyes were filled with delight at the sight of the books. All different sizes, colors, and conditions. They didn't have this large of a library back in Miofara.

Dream stepped out to a bookshelf in the middle of the grand room, reaching out a hand. It landed on a blue book with gold lettering, the writing in a language he did not understand. It slid easily out of grasp of the two books next to it, a black book with white writing and a red book with black lettering.

"Ang ka- pan- ga- na- kan, ng ma-ga Die- yos?" He attempted to read aloud, butchering the pronunciation horribly.

"Ang Kapanganakan ng mga Diyos." Technoblade said, peering over his shoulder at the book.

"Technoblade I don't know what that means." Dream sighed, pushing the book into the prince's hands.

Technoblade smiled.

“It’s in our ancient tongue. The Birth of the Gods.” He read out, trailing a finger along the leather.

Dream walked over to a nearby chair, gesturing for Techno to sit next to him.

“Will you read it to me?”

Techno glanced up in surprise.

“Dream it’s just the gods’ story. I’m sure you’ve heard it a million times before. Do you want to maybe pick a different book or?”

Dream shook his head.

“No. I want this one.” He insisted. Techno nodded, cleared his throat, and flipped the book open.

“In the beginning, there was-“

“No not like that.” Dream interrupted. Technoblade raised an eyebrow at the king.

“I mean, can you read it in your language?”

“Sure. Odd request, but I’ll oblige.”

Technoblade cleared his throat once more.

“Sa umpisa, wala. Tanging ang walang bisa, at kadiliman. Ngunit sa walang bisa na iyon maglatag ng pagkakaroon. Ang pagkakaroon ay nakatuon ang lakas nito upang maging isa sa sarili. Ang pagkakaroon na ito ay ang unang diyos. Ang ina ng mga diyos.”

Dream sighed and rested his head on his chin. There was something oddly comforting about hearing the low rumble of Technoblade's voice. A natural beauty in hearing the language fall off his tongue and snake into Dream's ears, even if he didn't know what was being said.

The king's body sunk into the plush velvet of the chairs, worn from years of use. Rips and scratches on the velvet told a story of little kids not being able to sit still in their lessons. The small scars bored into the wood of the shelves spoke of careless little bodies playing with toy swords and fake knives.

The room told a story not unlike the one being spoken to him right now, a story of children growing into teenagers, and teenagers into young adults. They were the same really, born for one purpose, gifted to fulfill that duty bestowed upon them by the universe.

But of course, the gods fulfilled their duties. And they did their duties well.

'The boys are in the wrong place.' Dream mused, staring at Technoblade's eyes focused so intently on the words below him.

'Wilbur is meant to be a lover. Carefree and not trapped inside this cage. Wilbur is meant to be Technoblade.'

'Tommy is meant for strategy, for strict rules. He's meant to lead, not to follow. Tommy is meant to be Wilbur.'

'And Technoblade, well Technoblade is meant for killing and dueling. He's meant to fight wars and win them. Technoblade is meant to be Tommy.'

'How the boys ended up as talented as they are is beyond me.' Dream thought. *'But regardless, they have the wrong gifts.'*

'They wear the wrong crowns.'

Dream drifted off like that, to the sound of Technoblade's low rumbling voice. It was warm in the library, it felt safe. Unconsciously, Dream reached out and grabbed Technoblade's arm, pulling it

close to him. He shoved his face in the arm of his cloak, yawning and turning over.

Technoblade froze, his arm being trapped inside the iron grip of King Dream. He considered slipping his arm out so he could leave, but vetoed the idea when Dream let out a noise similar to a purr in his sleep.

His face was so peaceful, so innocent. He looked tranquil in his sleep, like nothing could bother him.

Technoblade sighed. It had been far too long since he'd had a peaceful night's sleep. And when he did, he was entitled to a rude awakening with a visit from a stuck up angel.

Dream let out a sigh in his sleep, and Technoblade's heart squeezed in his chest. Reaching down, the prince brushed a strand of hair out of the king's face. Dream wiggled a little before pushing his head into Technoblade's hand.

Technoblade smiled, and left his hand on Dream's head.

"Sleep well darling."

"Technoblade!" The door to the library slammed open, a disheveled Wilbur pushing his head inside. Meeting eyes with the prince in question, Wilbur let out a sigh.

"Oh there you are. It's almost ten." Wilbur said, shutting the door.

"Oh, I must've lost track of time. Sorry Will. I just have to-" Technoblade gently shook Dream, the king whining as his eyes opened.

"What is it?" Dream mumbled, burying his face in Technoblade's shoulder.

"It's time for the festival." Wilbur replied leaning against the doorframe.

“Wha- what festival?” The king asked, sitting up with a yawn.

“The Festival of Sigat ng Araw.” Technoblade said.

“Oh! I read about that.” Dream said, eyes lighting up. “I just didn’t know that it started today!”

“Yes! The summer solstice is in two days. We’ve got twenty three hours of sunlight.”

“Wonderful!” Dream said, jumping up. He was fully awake now. “Who will be coming?”

“Tommy is bringing Tubbo, I’m bringing you, and Wilbur is meeting a- a friend in the village.” Technoblade said with a smile.

“Oh, is your father not coming?”

“No, father always spends this time moping in his room. Something about my mom that makes him hate this time.” Wilbur sighed, picking at his fingernails.

“But he lets you go?”

Wilbur and Technoblade exchanged glances.

“Well we never really... asked.” Technoblade said.

“But he never said no.” Wilbur said.

“And he’s never stopped us.”

“Well he’s never watched us leave.”

“Or come back.”

“But the guards don’t stop us.”

“And that’s what’s important.” The pink-haired prince finished, smiling.

Dream nodded. “Good enough for me.”

Half an hour later, the group was standing in the entrance hall. Tubbo borrowed some of Tommy’s clothes, and Wilbur stitched it so it fit him. The three princes wore something simpler than their normal clothes, and none of them had their usual headwear on.

Wilbur had done everyone’s makeup, whether they wanted it or not. Everyone had eyeliner and mascara on their face. Tommy had protested to the concealer, but eventually gave in when Wilbur called him “an acne scarred teenager.”

Dream’s necklace glittered in the sunlight as the five stepped out of the castle. A short wave to the guards, and they were out of the courtyard.

“Dream and Tubbo, you guys are going to love this.” Wilbur gushed, spinning around.

Technoblade smiled.

“I do love it.” The middle prince said.

“But what is it for?” Tubbo asked, hurrying to keep up with the group’s long strides. They walked quickly, chests filled with the adrenaline of breaking a rule. With four out of the five of them raised under strict protection, the rush they felt from the slightest bit of rebellion was euphoric.

“It’s to celebrate the summer solstice!” Tommy started. “On December 21st, we get a whole day of sunlight. Hence the name Sigat ng Araw, which means ‘Sunshine’. We also worship many of the gods on this day, such as the god of the sun and the god of the sky.”

“Oh, that makes sense. But then why isn’t it on December 21st?” Tubbo asked, tilting his head.

“Well we have three days of festivities. The third day is the most important, because it’s the actual summer solstice.” Tommy explained.

“During the festival, the sun is going to set. As soon as the sky changes color, It’s going to get a little quiet, and for that hour we sit down and speak in hushed voices with whoever happens to be near each other. We believe that time is the time for worship and prayer, but it isn’t required.” Wilbur continued.

“And then when the sun rises, it goes back to normal.” Technoblade finished.

Dream and Tubbo nodded. They didn’t have anything like that in their own kingdom.

“Sir?” Tubbo tugged on Dream’s sleeve.

“Yes Tubbo?”

“Why don’t we have any cool traditions?”

Dream smiled.

“Because my dad was an awful king.”

The group burst out in laughter.

“What’s so funny?” A voice says from behind them.

The group whips around to see a certain blind king.

“King Eret!” Dream runs toward him and hugs him tightly. “Oh it’s been so long! What’re you doing down here?”

“Meeting with King Philza to address this situation.” He said waving a hand in front of his face. “And visiting an old friend.”

“An old friend?” Wilbur asked, stepping closer.

“Yes. She’s much older than me, but I met her a little bit ago when she visited my kingdom. Very sweet woman, she has far too many children.” They said with a laugh.

“Oh, can we meet her?” Tommy asked, jumping forward.

Eret shifted.

“Maybe later. Have fun at the festival guys!” He waved and turned to walk away.

“I refuse to believe that man is blind.” Tubbo mumbled.

“How do you know him?” Techno asked, the grip on Dream’s hand getting tighter.

“Our fathers knew each other. We were friends before the accident.”

Technoblade had a tight-lipped smile across his face.

“Oh, you two were friends?”

“Yeah, why? Techno, you’re hurting my hand.”

“Oh, sorry.” He released the king’s hand and stepped away awkwardly.

'What's up with me? Why do I care about Dream being friends with Eret?' He asked himself, shaking his head.

'Whatever Techno. Get over it, and have a good time at this festival.'

Chapter End Notes

(translation for old book in the comments)

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

two chapters in one day???

what?????

Chapter Notes

a sort of...

look into what will be happening in the next chapter.

Religion is such an odd thing right?

I mean so many people, including myself, worship these deities that we have no way of knowing of their existence. Save for a presence in our mind and soul, these deities do not positively exist.

And yet we find an odd sort of comfort in it. At least I do. A sort of... loving atmosphere in the idea that each and every one of us were crafted specially by the hand of these deities.

In my experience, as a Lutheran, I find an acceptance in knowing that God did not make mistakes and that He loves me and accepts me. I get a burst of warmth and an envelope of comfort when i kneel beside my bed and thank Him for the world I live in and then request that He make it better for those less fortunate.

I do not speak for all religious persons, nor do I speak for the religions of everyone. But I feel an acceptance in the idea that everyone is perfect in their own way and everyone deserves love.

(obviously some people do not, but that's self explanatory)

It comforts me to know that when i make mistakes or when I do things that I know I shouldn't, I am being forgiven by the very one that I pray to.

Now that's not to say that religion is perfect. People cherry-picking the bible or their religious texts to fit their own agenda is horrible. Entire organizations, entire religions spreading hate because of what they believe is a 'sin'. That's wrong.

But not all religious people are bad.

For reference, I am a genderfluid bisexual who supports BLM and thinks that socialism is a better form of government.

I also go to church every Sunday and Wednesday and I pray every night.

But back to the idea of religion.

The idea that there is a/are higher being/s that watch over us and carefully crafted us and are accepting and forgiving is just so comforting.

Even if we have no way of knowing what is real and what's not.

And that's exactly why it is a belief.

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

MmMmMmmmMm yes almost 2k words.

Chapter Notes

i'm not gonna lie guys, I forgot I was an author for a hot second this week.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was loud, to say the least.

Tommy and Tubbo had abandoned the group five seconds after stepping into the town square, and Wilbur had mumbled out something about meeting a friend.

Technoblade and Dream were alone.

Well, alone is definitely not the right word.

The town square was packed with people. Dream hadn't seen so many people in the same place since his coronation! And they were required to be there. For everyone to willingly gather in one place just for a celebration...

Dream's heart swelled.

"Dream! Quit gawking and follow me!" Technoblade grabbed the king's hand and pulled him through the town square.

"Technoblade! You're pulling my arm out of its sock-"

Dream let out an 'oof' as a small projectile rammed into his lower half. Looking down, he met eyes

with a small child.

“Oh! So sorry mister, I didn’t see you.” The kid looked away from Dream and fidgeted with his hands.

“No problem little one. Say, I really like your hat! Where did you get it?” Dream asked, crouching down to the boy’s level.

“My mom made it for me!” The kid beamed in excitement.

“Well that’s great. Run along now, and have fun!” Dream waved the child off before turning back to Techno with a small smile on his face.

“Look at you, being all sweet to the little children. You got a soft spot for kids?” Technoblade asked with a mocking smile.

“Oh shut up.” Dream shoved him lightly and Technoblade laughed before grabbing his hand once more.

“I do like kids.” Dream admitted. “They’re so happy and excited all the time.”

Technoblade chuckled.

“Believe it or not, I like kids too. They’re so confident.” Technoblade said.

“Awwww, that’s cute.” Dream smiled.

They walked hand-in-hand through the square, Dream stopping and staring at any little thing.

“Woah! Look at that person’s makeup!” Dream ripped his hand from Techno’s and ran over to the person. Technoblade jogged over as well, shaking his head with a smile.

“I just wanted to say that I love your makeup ma’am!” Dream shouted, eyes wide.

The woman in question smiled. She was clearly very old, her eyes sagging and her skin wrinkled. But the intricate makeup made her eyes shine.

It was meant to represent the sun and the moon gods. One half of her face was oranges and yellows, bright gold gems pressed into her face and lining her eye. The other half however, was painted in blues and blacks. Dark purple gems lined her eye.

“Thank you Your Majesty. How are you liking our festival?” The woman sank down to sit on a stool, gesturing for Dream to do the same.

“It’s beautiful! I’ve never been to a festival like this before! It’s so bright and pretty-“ Dream started rambling, waving his hands in the air as he spoke. The woman’s smile grew wider at his tone.

“Alright Dreamie. Let’s go.” Technoblade said, placing a hand on Dream’s shoulder.

“Oh, ok!” Dream stood up and waved at the woman. “Thank you! Love your makeup.”

Technoblade led him deeper into the square, more and more people filling in around them. Dream couldn’t move without bumping into someone. Arms hit chests, legs bumped into hips. He felt like he was suffocating in the crowd. It was a completely new experience.

Dream started to breathe heavier, his eyes darting around. Techno’s hand seemed heavier almost, gripping his hand too tightly.

And then it was gone. The two burst out into an open clearing in the square, and Technoblade halted to a stop.

Music floated through their ears, simple and bright. It was an easy tune, a straightforward beat. Techno flipped Dream around to face him, and held out a hand.

“Wh- what? I’m sorry Techno that was very sudden and I don’t know what’s go-“

“Shhhh. Just dance with me.”

“I’m sorry?”

Technoblade rolled his eyes and grabbed the king’s hand.

“Dance.” The prince started moving their hands back and forth, practically man-handling the smaller into moving with him.

Dream glanced around the clearing at the other couples dancing and attempted to mimic their movements.

“I’m not good at dancing Techno.”

“You seem to be doing fine. See?” Technoblade whispered back, spinning Dream around and dipping him low towards the ground. Dream’s clothes swirled around him, softly fluttering to the ground before billowing up as the king was yanked upwards.

“I’ve just never done this before!” Dream whisper-yelled.

“You’ve never danced?”

“No i’ve danced for political balls and such, but i’ve never done this dance.”

Technoblade froze suddenly before twirling Dream around.

“You’ve never done the *Sayaw ng Mga Edad* ? The Dance of Ages?”

“No?” Dream cocked his head to the side as Technoblade pulled him in close.

“It’s said to be the first dance the human race did in celebration of the God of Music.” Technoblade explained, their faces so close they were almost touching.

“Oh, interesting.”

The music faded out as Dream was spun out from Technoblade arms. All the people who were dancing laughed exited the clearing. Dream and Technoblade followed suit.

“Geez your kingdom is boring, Dream!” Technoblade laughed.

“It’s not my fault we don’t have any festivals or anything.” Dream pouted.

“Well I mean objectively, it is.” Technoblade said, glancing at the king from the side.

“Ok woah, low blow.”

The two laughed, their intertwined hands swinging back and forth.

“Oh! Let’s go get some food.” Technoblade started squeezing through the crowd, pulling Dream along with him.

Dream stumbled along behind him. As they walked, the smell of the food stalls started to grow stronger and stronger.

Finally they were standing in front of a row of stalls, smoke billowing out from the ovens in each of them.

“So what should we have?” Technoblade dropped Dream’s warm hand.

“You would know better than me Technoblade.” Dream said, turning his attention to the stands.

The prince hummed before gesturing for Dream to follow him. The pair walked up to a stand that smelled like potatoes and gravy.

“Hi! Can I get one serving of llagay please?” The server nodded and turned away.

“I swear this stuff is so good Dream. You’re gonna love it.”

The server turned back a moment later, smiling as they placed the paper bowl on the counter.

“Thank you Prince Technoblade! Have a nice festival.” The server said.

“Thank you.” Technoblade dropped a pouch of coins on the counter before grabbing the bowl and turning back to Dream. Dream peered into the bowl.

It looked to be strips of fried potatoes covered with a thick liquid Dream assumed was gravy. Sprinkled on top were cubes of some white food.

“Llagay. Fried potatoes topped with gravy and cheese curds. Here, try it!” Technoblade held out one of the strips of potato.

(A/N: any Canadians in the chat?)

“Um, what are cheese curds?” Dream asked, gingerly taking the dripping potato strip.

“Don’t worry about it.”

Dream raised an eyebrow, but brought the potato strip to his mouth and ate it.

“Oh wow.” The potato strip and cheese curds were salty, but the gravy was thick and savory. It was hot too, and as he ate it the gravy warmed his body.

Technoblade smiled as Dream reached for another, and then another. Soon enough, the whole paper bowl was finished and Technoblade walked over to a trash can to throw it out. Once it was out of his hands, Technoblade glanced up at the sky to see it turning slightly pink.

“Alright Dream, we should start our prayer time soon.” Technoblade said, placing a hand on Dream’s shoulder to turn him around.

Sure enough, many of the stall workers were leaving their posts to get to a more comfortable spot. Many elderly people had already sat down in the traditional praying position.

Technoblade led him over to an opening in the crowd, and the two sat down.

The prince adjusted himself so he was sitting cross legged, one foot up on the other leg and the other laying on the floor. Dream copied the position.

A hush fell over the town as the sky grew darker. The only sound came from hushed conversations and whispered prayers.

Dream glanced over to see Technoblade’s head bowed, his hands placed on his knees. His mouth was moving rapidly, small huffs of air coming out every once in a while.

It was cute, his furrowed brow. The concentrated expression on his face. His words became slower and slower before his mouth stilled.

When the prince opened his eyes, their eyes met. Technoblade raised an eyebrow at the expression on Dream’s face.

“What’s a matter?” He whispered.

“Nothin’. I just don’t know what to do.” Dream admitted, looking down at his hands.

“Just say a prayer or something.”

“I don’t know any prayers.”

“You don’t- ok we can address that later. You can just sit there, or you can talk to someone else so long as they aren’t praying.” Technoblade whispered back.

The king nodded with a sigh as Technoblade returned to his prayers.

Dream closed his eyes and followed the prince’s position. It was surprisingly comfortable, and relaxed all the muscles in his body. He let out a content sigh and released the tension in his shoulders.

He felt himself drift off, but didn’t stop it. He had an hour until the sun came up, he wasn’t worried.

“See, he doesn’t even know any prayers.” A low, rumbling voice that reminded him of Techno’s caused his eyes to fly open, but instead of seeing the lamp posts and cobblestone pathways of the town, he was met with a blinding white light.

“That isn’t really his fault.” A high, tinkling voice this time. “It’s more his father’s.”

“Has he bothered to learn any? No.” The low voice again.

“He has read our story over and over again.” The high voice.

‘Are they talking about me? Wait, who are they?’ Dream thought, straining his eyes to try and see through the light. But it seemed to go on forever and surround him. There was no sign of the source of the voices.

“And?”

“Did you see how he handled our prince’s ptsd attack? Quite impressive if you ask me.”

“He vomited after. One with such a weak stomach is not suitable for The Blood Prince.”

“You’re so dramatic Chaos.”

“I’m just realistic.”

“Why are you two fighting like children?” This was a new voice. It had a sinister tone to it, one that you would not want to defy. “It is meant to be, Chaos. Leave it alone. And you, Justice. What happens to The Blood Prince is none of your business.”

“Yes Fate.” The first two voices said in unison. It went silent for a moment.

“And you.” Now it sounded as though the third voice was speaking to him directly. Dream’s chest clenched.

“Return to your own world young king. Eavesdropping amongst the gods needn’t add to the worries that plague your mind.”

Dream felt his mind get ripped from the conversation, and thrown back into his body. His eyes shot open, and he realized he was shaking and sweating. Technoblade looked at him with concern.

“Are you ok Dream?”

Dream nodded, brushing some sweat off his forehead. “Just a nightmare.”

He took a deep breath as Techno turned away.

“Just a nightmare.”

so can anyone figure out what Canadian dish i based that random food off.

hint hint

it's not that hard to figure out.

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

mMmMmMmMm yes we love the MASSIVE DIALOGUE i put into my filler chapters.

Chapter Notes

ya boi is back

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The room was cold.

Far too cold.

It didn't matter how big the fire got, Philza still shivered.

Another shudder racked his body as he stared at the painting. He was young in the picture, his hair perfectly blonde with no gray streaks through it. He had a lop-sided smile on his face, and his eyes were bright and carefree.

Standing next to him, one arm placed on his shoulder, was a young woman. She had dark brown hair that fell just below her shoulders, slightly curled at the bottom. Her eyes were a deep brown and they were staring at Philza. Her smile was somehow brighter than Philza's.

Philza choked out a sob, and a single tear landed on the painting.

"C'mon Phil! Dance with me." She said, placing a hand on his shoulder and one on his waist. Philza laughed and did the same.

"You're perfect you know that?" He whispered.

She smiled, “No more than you.” She tapped his nose and giggled.

The memories flooded his mind just as they always did around this time. When the sun would stay up all day, his room would stay dark and locked. The king allowed himself only these three days to mourn. These three days when no one bothered him, when his sons snuck out and chased love of their own.

‘It’s not fair.’ He thought, his body shaking. ‘It’s just not fair.’

“You’re pathetic.” A dark voice came from behind him.

Philza stiffened and carefully placed the painting down. He knew that voice.

“Get out of my room.” Philza said without turning around. His voice was still slightly shaky.

“Hmmmm, No.” He could practically hear the smirk in that voice.

Philza whipped around, throwing a knife as hard as he could. He was panting heavily, staring at the figure sitting in his chair.

The knife had frozen mid-air, wobbling slightly. The silver blade was pointed directly at the figure’s head. A wave of the hand, and the knife clattered to the ground at his feet.

“You’re not stupid enough to think that you can hurt me.” It wasn’t a question.

“Maybe one of these days.” Philza replied simply, shoulders tensed. “What do you want, Death?”

The figure sat forward, the light of the fire shining on his face. His eyes were a golden brown, perfectly contrasting the black of his irises. Rosy, full lips were painted onto his tan face in a permanent smirk.

“Oh there's nothing I want, Hitoritabi.” Philza shuddered at the nickname falling out of his lips. “I simply came to check up on my favorite hero.”

“Bullshit.” The king hissed out, hands clenched into fists. Death frowned and stood up, long off-white robes billowing out behind him. He towered over Philza, neck craned to glare at the king.

“Watch your tone.”

“You’re not my father.”

The two glared at each other before Death sighed and turned away.

“I’m here because Fate sent me.”

Philza paled and swallowed hard.

“What does he want?”

“He’s angry.”

There was a pause.

“At me?”

Death laughed.

“No, of course not. At your sons.”

“M- my sons? What have they done?”

“They’re unhappy with their fates.”

A pause once more.

“But they’re following them.”

Death sighed.

“Fate fears they will deter from their paths.”

Philza stood up.

“They won’t, I promise! But, why did they send you?”

Death looked at him for a moment.

“There’s more than one fate for your sons.”

Philza took a shaky breath.

“You don’t mean-“

“I do.”

Philza lowered himself to sit again. Dots swam in his vision, and his head felt like it was spinning.

“No. No no, you’re not taking them from me. You’re not taking the only ones I have left, Death. You took everyone, you’re not taking them.” Philza said, setting his jaw and glaring at the god standing before him.

“Listen Hitoritabi,”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Just make sure they don’t do anything they’ll regret.” Death leaned down and gripped the King’s chin in between two strong fingers. “Got it?”

Philza’s lip twitched, but he stayed silent and nodded. Death let go of his chin and smiled.

“Good. I hope I won’t have to see you soon. Contrary to popular belief, I don’t hate you.” Death stepped away and gave a cheeky bow.

“Until next time Hitoritabi.”

And he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

philza apologists come and get y’all’s juice!

(careful defending philza in the comment section, my good friend Plastic is gonna hit you with a five paragraph essay /j)

Edit:

Hitoritabi-

Origin: Japanese

Definition: traveling alone, solitary journey

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Pops back in after almost a month

“hey lol”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So how did you sleep, King Dream?” Philza asked, setting a plate of eggs down and taking a seat. The king in question mumbled out a response and rubbed his eyes.

“I’m sorry?”

“I said I slept well, thanks.” Dream forced a smile. The three princes were just as sleepy, pushing their eggs around their plates. They had stayed throughout the whole festival.

“Oh, wonderful! Would you like to join me in a meeting with King Eret?” Philza asked.

As much as the king wanted to simply crawl back under the covers and go to bed, he couldn’t exactly deny him. So he nodded and turned back to his breakfast, a deep sigh heaving through his chest.

“Tommy, the history and heritage instructor pushed back class one hour, so you are permitted to spend some time with Tubbo.” Upon hearing his name, the servant jolted awake and blinked rapidly. Tommy smiled and grabbed his arm before pulling him out of the kitchen.

“Techno, you’re expected in the map room in exactly half an hour. Don’t be late, you know how uptight the war council is.” The pink-haired prince nodded, fingers fumbling with his braid.

“And Wilbur. Since I will be meeting with Eret and Dream, you can stay in the throne room and listen to the requests of the people. Councilman Thomas will assist you.” Philza turned away, oblivious of the blank stares he was receiving.

Philza swept out of the room, regal as ever.

“You think he would let up during the festival days but no.” Nikki mumbled.

Wilbur smiled. “I know. I think burying himself and others in work is a very sad coping mechanism.” He said.

Techno gave him a light smack on the back of the head. “Don’t speak about father that way. You know it’s a hard couple days for him.”

“Yeah well maybe he could keep it to himself instead of making the rest of us miserable.” Wilbur mumbled, rubbing the back of his head.

“C’mon, let’s just get through the day.” Dream chided, placing his empty plate in the sink. He paused for a moment, expecting a reaction. But the others simply nodded in agreement and went their separate ways.

<~~>

Fourteen hours later, the group met in the same place as the night before. Albeit a bit more tired. Dream let out a yawn, stretching his arms high above his head. Concealers had been dabbed onto all of their faces, covering the dark purple bags sagging beneath their eyes. Only getting three hours of sleep does that to a person. Especially to royals who are used to careful schedules.

“Nope, nope, nope. This will not do!” Wilbur clapped his hands, staring at the exhausted group.

“You know what we need Tommy?” Technoblade asked, glancing at his brother. The prince in question nodded.

“Kape.” The boy rubbed his eyes.

“Tommy! You’ll smudge your makeup! But yes, you are right.”

“What’s kape?” Dream asked, hiking up his clothes to walk down the stairs.

“It’s coffee in the old tongue. Specifically sagada coffee.” Wilbur said.

“That’s a type of coffee bean. It’s bittersweet, but smells almost nutty. Kind of...” Tommy trailed off, attempting to find the right word.

“Floral. Fruity.” Technoblade supplied.

“That’s it! It’s very good, and even better, keeps us awake.”

“I’m almost certain someone will be selling it in their stall.”

By now, the group had once again arrived at the town square. The festival was brighter, if that was possible. Many people there were clutching ceramic cups, steam gently floating up from them.

“C’mon Tubbo, let’s go play some games. As the two boys ran away, the rest of the group slowly broke up.

Wilbur crept away from his brothers, walking past the center of the crowd to the outskirts of the town.

He smirked as he noticed his boyfriend’s back was to him. Tip-toeing towards J, he hoped the sound of his footsteps was muffled by the party.

“Boo!” He shouted, grabbing onto the ram.

Schlatt jumped and shook the prince off him.

“Why do you always do that?” He asked, ruffling the hair around his horns.

“Because you never stop getting startled.” Wilbur laughed, hugging him tightly. Schlatt sighed and pulled him tighter in.

“Oh, I saw your mom today!” Wilbur said, pulling out of his boyfriend’s tight grip.

“Really? I know she went to ask for taxes to be reduced, but wouldn’t your father have seen her?”

“I was on duty today.”

“Oh I do not envy you.”

“It’s so frustrating! I want to give people the things they ask for, but the councilman keeps bitching and moaning about how we can’t afford it!” Wilbur ran his hands through his hair.

“Babe, don’t worry about it now. Let’s just enjoy tonight, yeah? We can worry about annoying nobles another day, right?” Schlatt pulled him in for a gentle kiss.

“Yeah. Yeah ok.” Wilbur wrapped his hand around Schlatt’s, pulling him into the square.

The hybrid smiled at the prince.

“Let’s forget.”

<~~>

“This is so gross Tommy.” The brown haired boy stuck his tongue out, gagging slightly.

“Well that’s because there’s no sugar in it! Excuse me sir, can we have some sugar and cream?” Tommy asked, eyes bright.

“Of course little prince.” The stall owner slid over a sugar tin and a cream carton, smiling at the

two boys.

Tommy grabbed the two items and practically drowned the kape in its sweetness.

“Tommy! That’s so much!” The kape slightly spilled over onto Tubbo’s hands as he jumped back, the taller boy giggling.

“Now taste it!”

Tubbo carefully lifted the cup to his mouth, slurping at the kape. The bittersweet that had overwhelmed his taste buds was now dulled down with the sugar and cream. As he swallowed, a nutty taste exploded on his tongue. He let out a content sigh and took another sip.

“See! I told you it would be better.” Tommy said, seeing the smile blossoming on Tubbo’s face.

“You’re good at this Tommy.” Tubbo said, eyes bright.

“I have a gift.” Tommy puffed out his chest with a proud smile.

Tubbo giggled and grabbed his hand.

“C’mon, let’s go play Agaw Bitin!”

Tommy and Tubbo ran into the colorful lights of the festival, hand in hand. Wilbur watched them run from a distance. It warmed him, to know that even if Tommy should never want to love anyone the way J loved himself, he would always have his friends.

<~~>

Across the town square, Technoblade and Dream sank to their knees as the first signs of sunset began showing. Dream was nervous. No, nervous wasn’t quite the right word. Excited wasn’t right either. He shook his head, folding his legs up and placing his hands on his knees.

'I wonder- i wonder if I will hear them again.' He thought to himself. He must have been shaking, because the next second he felt a hand on his knee.

"Are you okay?" The prince's eyes met his, full of worry.

"Do you talk to them?" Dream said in lieu of a response.

"Who is 'them'?"

"The- you know." Dream waved at the sky in general. "The gods."

"Sometimes. We're closer here to them here, at the end of the world. The edge of the universe." Technoblade replied simply, and closed his eyes.

"That doesn't make much sense, Techno."

The prince cracked an eye open.

"Have you ever gone to the North Pole Dream?" The king shook his head. Technoblade sighed. "Does anything ever make sense?" And with that as his final answer, Technoblade folded his legs and closed his eyes.

Dream huffed out a breath. So vague.

Dream's eyelids slammed shut. He was apprehensive. That was the word.

It took a few more minutes to fall asleep as last time. Perhaps because the anticipation, or maybe because of the three cups of kape he had beforehand. But either way, eventually he drifted off and entered that strange world again. That odd place between life and death.

It was quiet this time. There were no voices, not even a breeze. Just pure silence. It felt like a halt in

time. Like he was standing on top of a tall mountain, gazing at the land spread out before him.

The silence was broken to a sound not unlike heels clicking on tile.

“Good evening your majesty.” It was a voice he hadn’t heard before, but very similar to the dark voice from yesterday. Dream whipped around, searching for the sound of the voice. But once again, there was nothing.

“Who are you?” The king called out.

“Me? Well, I’m just Time. And you’re right you know.”

“Right about what?”

“About it being a halt in time.”

“What does that mean.”

“Exactly what it sounds like.”

There was silence for a moment, before the voice from yesterday called out to Time.

“How much time until the sun comes up?” It sent chills down Dream’s spine. “Ah. You’re talking to the poor king.”

“Excuse me? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“The poor king.” Fate’s voice was closer now, and Dream was certain he would be able to feel the god’s hot breath on his face.

“You poor poor soul. No will to break, no voice to cry suffering.”

With that, Dream felt himself get ripped out of this interpass and thrown back into his body. His chest heaved up and down as his thoughts caught up to him. The reality of the situation set in.

Fate's words played over and over in his head.

'No will to break, no voice to cry suffering.'

He had a voice, that was for sure. And of course the king had a will. It must be metaphorical then. These gods and their vagueness. Even his fiancé suffered from whatever illness caused the gods and the Eriden family to be incapable of saying things as plainly as they should.

Dream glanced over at Technoblade, the prince's shoulders shaking and his whole body twitching. Suddenly he gasped and opened his eyes. He too, had Fate's voice repeating in his mind. The same words that had been spoken to him last year, and the year before that.

'You will seal the blinding light that plagues their dreams.'

After ten years of being told that same thing, the gasping prince was now certain of one thing.

In the god's eyes, death was a mercy. And he was the angel who provided it.

He shook even more, shivering at the thought that death could be a mercy for some. But he was no angel. He wasn't an angel.

The two boys stared at each other, both soaked in sweat, both shaking, both with wide eyes. They exchanged glances, speaking without words.

Simultaneously, they stood and intertwined their hands.

To them, this could wait for another time.

For now, they forget.

<~~>

Late at night, or rather early in the morning, as the middle prince lay asleep in bed, an angel comes and touches his forehead. A memory, just for him. A memory to interrupt the peaceful sleep he was finally receiving.

“Do you love me Chaos?” A young prince Technoblade asked, bouncing on the side of his bed. The god in question glanced up at Technoblade, folding his hands and standing up.

“I care for you. I take pride in your accomplishments.” Chaos sighed and stepped closer to the eight year-old. He laid a hand on the boy’s head, brushing the hair out of his face. “But I do not love you. Love is such a painfully human thing. We do not have time for such trifles.”

Technoblade remained silent. Did that mean he and his brothers couldn’t love?

A now fifteen year old Technoblade wakes up in a cold sweat. He’s seen himself, an older version of himself slaughtering hundreds of soldiers. No mercy was shown in his red eyes, a grin permanently painted onto his face.

Chaos is standing there, as he always is after one of the prince’s nightmares.

“Chaos? Am I a bad person?”

“I could not tell you, my Blood Prince.”

“But you must know! Am I a bad person?”

“Well Technoblade, you must ask yourself this. Exactly how human do you consider yourself to be?”

He left the teenager with that thought, Technoblade getting consumed in his own thoughts.

'How human am I?'

That same thought plagued a now twenty one year old Technoblade, although the reason was far different.

Something about that king. The blushing boy sleeping not three rooms away. The boy who can't dance, who doesn't know how to pray. Who finds comfort in hearing a language he could never hope to understand.

He sat up, face searching the room for the figure he was so used to seeing after memories such as these.

"Good morning Technoblade." It was a gruff voice, raspy and thick.

"Chaos I've been thinking."

Chaos blinked at the lack of greeting. "That's never good."

"I know"

There was a beat of silence.

"Remember all those years ago when you said love is a human thing? and then you told me I was a bad person?"

"I never said you were a bad person."

“But you never said I was a good person.”

Another moment, their eyes connecting.

“I thought I wasn’t human, because I didn’t love people, Chaos. I thought feeling was a waste of time and then you told me I was a bad person and I have been thinking, no one is wholly evil. not humans at least. Even bad people have some good, and If i’m not human, there is no good in me, and therefore I cannot love. Correct?”

“Your logic connects, though a little hard to follow.”

“Then tell me, Chaos. Why does he love me and why do I love him back?”

Chaos seemed taken aback by the question.

“Well, perhaps you’re more human than we both thought.”

“But why?” Technoblade yelled. “Humans lose! You told me to never admit defeat!”

Chaos sighed. “Humans have more strength than weakness. I always try and tell you th-“

“No! We’re mortal!” He slammed his hands on the bedpost, breathing heavily.

“Your mortality *is* your strength.”

“You make no sense.”

“What i’m saying, is let yourself love him. You should let yourself be human.”

“Why? Love is a weakness. Physical attachments are a liability.”

“Technoblade, I've given you as much as I can. I've given you strength, victory, a companion. But I cannot guarantee you happiness, or love. let yourself love, let yourself be mortal.”

“Let yourself be human.”

Chapter End Notes

edit:

am i surprised no one has gotten the reference yet? not really

does it still make me sad? mildly

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

omg look who's not dead!

i've been a bit busy looking at prep schools, winning hockey championships and coming out first over all individually, and signing up for flight lessons. i can guarantee you guys, i will not abandon this work. the longest this will ever go un-updated will be two months.

sorry this took so long, i've been writing other things to ignore writing this.

hope you enjoy the chapter :))))

Chapter Notes

CW/TW: none at all

This chapter has a bunch of lore so if anything confuses you, feel free to ask me in the comment section.

4.7k words

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream opened his eyes.

Sunlight filtered in through the windows, but that wasn't his reason for waking, of course. The sun had been up for many hours.

His mouth was dry, lips chapped. He could taste the morning breath on his tongue as he smacked his lips, before closing his eyes once again.

He had been up for, what? Thirty seconds? He already wanted to go back to bed. The past days had taken a toll on him. They had felt so surreal, so fast, almost dream-like (no pun intended). It felt as though time had passed differently. He had read things about time feeling different in these days so close to the summer solstice, especially down here at the south pole. Even if it was just for these couple days, the king dearly missed those painted skies during the sunsets and sunrises.

Four paws padded softly on his chest before a wet, squishy, *thing* prodded his face. The king's eyelids forced themselves open only to be met with pitch black darkness.

And then light again, as the small creature on his chest pulled away from Dream's face.

Ah, so the wet *thing* was a nose.

A cat was sitting on his chest, head cocked in an almost questioning glance. Dream's lips cracked as he smiled, and reached a hand up to softly stroke the cat's fur. It was warm and smooth, and appeared to be well kept.

"Hey little buddy." His voice cracked a bit, throat too dry to speak. Dream cleared his throat before trying again.

"What's your name?"

The cat purred and nuzzled his hand, pawing at Dream's chest.

"Well that's not much of an answer," Dream pointed out, pulling the cat in and sitting up.

The cat only blinked at him, but appeared to wear an expression akin to that of annoyance.

"Well of course you can't answer, you're a cat." Dream laughed. "But I know what you need. You don't need a voice."

No voice, no voice.

The cat only purred once more before hopping off the bed and trotting towards his open door.

Why was his door open again?

Oh. Right.

But it didn't matter now, not when Dream had a rather urgent conversation he had to have with Technoblade. And especially not now, with George coming into the King's room, pocket watch in hand, looking like a mother who is quite done with her small child.

"Dream."

"George."

George pursed his lips.

"It is ten o' clock Dream."

Dream smiled.

"I don't think that's accurate."

"You missed breakfast."

"And?"

"I woke you up at eight, did you seriously fall back asleep?"

"I have no memory of eight this morning."

George smiled, cold and dark.

"Get up and get dressed right now, or this pocket watch is coming at you so hard it actually breaks through your thick skull."

Dream swallowed.

“Noted.”

George gave the king a once over before strutting out the door, pocket watch falling back into his jacket and he closed the dark oak door.

Dream layed back down, clearly showing no intention of actually heeding his advisor’s, well, advice.

“Dream! I mean it!” George shouted through the wood.

“Yes mother!” Dream replied sarcastically, fake saluting even though no one could see.

He might as well listen to George, after all. He needed to talk to Technoblade.

Badly.

~~~

Nikki was in the sewing room, carefully feeding a thread through the needle. Her tongue was sticking out slightly, but popped back into her mouth as her brows jumped up on her face.

“Finally.” She muttered to no one in particular. The blue string had finally poked through the small hole.

“Nikki!”

The small girl jumped and dropped the needle as Dream came crashing through the door.

“Gods, Dream! You startled me!” Nikki bent down to pick up the fallen tool, sighing in relief

when she saw the string was still through.

“Sorry, sorry. Have you seen Techno?”

“Um, he was-” She was cut off by the door opening and closing once again. She glanced up.  
“Right there apparently.”

Techno smiled.

“Hey Dream. You look exhausted.” He laughed.

Dream scowled. “Late night.”

“You needed me? Tommy said you’ve been running around interrogating servants and guards about my whereabouts.”

“Yes. I have to talk to you.” He glanced at Nikki. “Alone.”

Nikki started to stand up, but was waved back down by Techno.

“Why? Nikki is kinda busy and I don’t want to make her leave.”

“Um, it’s about prayers yesterday and the day before.”

Techno smiled. “It’s alright, Nikki can keep a secret. Talk to me.” He gestured at the chair next to Nikki and sat down as well.

Dream sunk down into the plush velvet and sighed. Gods, his muscles were sore.

“Well, I wanted to tell you about something that happened.” Techno only nodded, waving for him to continue. Nikki was still bent over the small military uniform that no doubt belonged to the

youngest prince.

“Well uh, I met these guys who called themselves Time and Fate, and there were a couple others that I can’t remember for some reason. In fact, I can’t remember that much-”

Techno cut him off with a sigh. “I feared this would happen. It’s really inevitable. You won’t remember everything, only because your mind isn’t conditioned to the Hindi Tumatanda. Meaning the ageless. Sorry, I’ll let you speak now.”

Dream took a deep breath, glancing briefly at Nikki before turning back to him.

“What is the Hindi Tumatanda?” He asked before anything else.

Techno pursed his lips.

“The proper question would be who are they? Put simply, the ageless are the gods. Our ancient culture didn’t understand these beings, but we did understand that they never appeared to age. Thus, they were given the name of ‘ageless’. The realm in which they reside is known as the Aether. We aren’t sure where the name comes from, but it is very similar to the Nether so it’s believed to be derived from there.”

Dream nodded slowly. “I think I understand. But, how did I get brought there? If it’s a completely other realm like the Nether or the End?”

“This is a bit confusing. Ah- Nikki can I have a green thread and a blue thread?” The girl nodded and passed the threads to him. “And a hook? Thanks so much.” Taking the items, he laid the two strings down parallel to each other and sat back.

“Okay. Let’s pretend for a moment that this string represents your fate line.” He pointed to the green string. “I’d say that ‘fate line’ is pretty self explanatory, but I can elaborate in a moment. Now this-” Here he pointed to the blue thread. “-Is my fate line. If we were meant to never interact in any way that would change our fates, even in the slightest, this is what they would look like. Now, if we interacted in a way that barely changed either of our futures, it might look like this.” He took the threads and crossed them once before shifting them back to their paths. “Do you follow so far?”

Dream stared at the table unblinking and incredibly concentrated. "I think so."

"Ok. Now here's the thing, our fates are incredibly intertwined as i'm sure you could tell." He took the threads and twisted them together so they were almost one and the same. "This is what they look like. Remember that this is a serious oversimplification." Dream nodded as Techno pushed the threads away from him. "Now, bringing someone to the Aether who doesn't belong there is very difficult, even for the ageless." He took the hook. "Which is why they only do it when the dimensions are the closest, during the solstices and equinoxes. Understand?"

Dream nodded once more.

"Ok. Stop me at any time if it gets confusing. So let's say this hook is how we get yanked up to the Aether. They want to pull my fate line up so they can talk to me. But since we're so connected they might accidentally catch your line and-" He hooked the two threads and yanked them upwards. "Pull you too."

Dream nodded slowly. "Then why don't your brothers or father get pulled?"

Techno dropped the threads. "They can tell when they're getting pulled, and it feels different when they do it accidentally. While getting pulled directly is a strong yank, an accidental tug is more of a weak pull on our soul. We can resist it. Believe me, we get pulled accidentally a lot."

"So does that mean you don't have to go when they call? Can you always resist it?"

Technoblade sighed.

"Yes. Probably. The thing is, we've never tried. We probably can, seeing as how difficult it is for them to actually pull us. However, we've never tried. And I wouldn't even want to try, it's not best to defy the gods."

"Why have I never gotten pulled before?"

Techno bit his lip.



“Well, our fates weren’t so intertwined a long time ago. You may have had weird dreams around the solstices and equinoxes, and I’m sure the god’s knew of you.”

The king nodded. “They spoke to me.”

Technoblade’s head shot up.

“To you?” A slow nod. “You didn’t just overhear?” He shook his head. “Tell me.”

Dream took a slow breath.

“Again, I don’t remember much. But it was the second night, and one of them said ‘You poor king. No will to break, no voice to cry suffering’ and I don’t understand it.”

Techno pursed his lips.

“I’ll be honest with you Dream, I don’t understand, and I will never be able to. Only you know what they mean, even if you don’t realize it yet. I’m sure you’ll figure it out. After all, it’s been fifteen long years since they first started talking to me and I’ve finally figured out what they mean.” He offered a reassuring smile, adjusting the slightly tilted crown on Dream’s head and standing up.

“All in due time Dream. All in due time.”

~~~

Is this really worth it?

Wilbur was pacing back and forth outside his father’s room, one hand rubbing the soft curls on his head and the other fidgeting with the buttons on his suit jacket.

It could ruin my relationship with Father, especially since it’s festival time.

Then again, he'll be in quite the emotionally vulnerable state. I can take advantage of- No. Nothing is going to happen today anyway, I'll simply express my beliefs and hope he takes them into consideration.

With a deep breath, his fist raised and swung forward to land on the door. And he already regretted it.

“Yes?” His father called from inside.

“Father? It’s me.”

There was some shuffling before the door swung open to reveal a red faced Philza, his hair slightly tousled and his eyes shining with what was most likely tears.

“Wilbur? What is it? You look positively pale, are you ill?” He frowned and placed a hand on the prince’s forehead to check for a fever.

Wilbur swallowed hard and pushed past into the room.

“Father, I wanted to talk to you.”

Philza slowly shut the door and sat down on his chair. The room was dark, blinds shut and the fire barely blowing. It was freezing.

“What is the matter?” He detected the shake in his father’s voice, no matter how slight it might have been.

“I have concerns regarding my future.”

Philza’s frown deepened.

“Stop that.” He snapped.

“Stop what?”

“Your voice. You’re layering it with honey, as Tommy likes to say. You probably aren’t doing it on purpose, but don’t do it.”

Wilbur swallowed. He had barely been doing it, if only to put his father at ease.

“Of course. Yesterday while I was working with the civilians, someone came to me with a request about taxes.”

“Go on.” Philza waved a hand.

“They asked only that the taxes be brought down this year, because of the soil quality and how the crops are not at their prime.”

“And what did the councilman say?”

“He said no. As I expected him to.”

“And do you think differently?”

“Yes! I mean, yes I do.”

Philza smiled and placed his chin on his hand. “And do you think you know more than the councilman?”

Wilbur was taken aback.

“Well, I- obviously he’s more experienced- but- um-” He was cut off by a wave of Philza’s hand.

“No, you don’t know more. But, I’m a reasonable person. So please, explain why you think we should do this.”

Wilbur bit his lip.

“It’s just, we’ve never had a money problem, and they’re really struggling! We don’t want our people to despise us, and we do care about our people.”

“I’m going to stop you right there. What do you know about our financial situation? Do you want to talk to Tommy about it? He’s never lost a soldier, no. But he can’t afford to take prisoners, and often he cries about killing people who are just following orders. You know one day he came back and locked himself in his room? He watched a little boy bleed out and die. Why didn’t he help him? He didn’t have enough potions or medical supplies to help him. Our budget didn’t stretch to extras. Do you want to talk to your brother Techno? He doesn’t have the gift of strategy that Tommy has, so yes he’s watched his men die. And he can’t help them, because he doesn’t have enough supplies. Maybe you want to get your hands dirty before you talk about never having a money problem.”

Wilbur swallowed. He was definitely going to regret saying this.

“Maybe... we can stop sending them to war?”

Philza stood up. “We are going to pretend you didn’t say that.”

“Noted.”

“I’m sure you wanted to talk to me for reasons besides just one request that was denied. Get to the point.”

“Father, I’m always told I’m far too compassionate for the position I am bound to. I’m told I care too much about individual people than the good of the whole. Am I really the right fit for king?”

Philza’s face changed from slight annoyance to an angry snarl.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re the right fit. You are going to be king, whether you like it or not. Because one day I am going to die. And unfortunately it will be the crown prince, however incompetent he may be-” Wilbur flinched as he spat those words. “-who will inherit the throne.”

Wilbur opened his mouth to speak, and then closed it again when he couldn’t find what he wanted to say.

Philza’s face morphed into shock, perhaps at himself.

“Will I- I didn’t mean that.”

Wilbur shook his head. “I know you didn’t.”

“You’ll be a great king.”

“Keep telling yourself that. Maybe one day it’ll come true.”

And he left his father alone, surrounded by the paintings of his past.

~~~

The air in the castle was tense. Anyone could see that. The only ones who seemed blissfully unaware of this fact were Tommy and Tubbo, with their usual peppy attitude. The two in question were in Tommy’s room at the moment, attempting to paint each other’s faces.

It was not going well, to say the least.

“I’m not so good at this Tommy.” Tubbo muttered, dipping a brush into the blue paint.

“It’s ok! I’m not so good either, and if it turns out awful we can just wipe it off.” His shoulders were tense with the effort of sitting still. His hands were clenched into fists at his side. Tubbo carefully dragged his brush in loopy motions, painting along with the natural curves of Tommy’s face. He breathed out as the brush came up from the prince’s face.

“Ok, not so bad. Lemme do the dots now.” Tubbo said, waving his hands to dry the lines on his face. Now he took a new brush, wet it, and dipped it into the white. This part was easier, only having to tap the brush on his friend’s face before the dot was formed. He repeated this up and down the lines, the only sound in the room being the two boy’s breathing.

Tubbo pulled back, sighing softly. Not bad. They stayed silent as the paint dried, a comfortable blanket of quiet falling over them. Despite only knowing each other for a short time, silence was never awkward. But now there was something on Tubbo’s mind, and he couldn’t help but ask.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Tubbo suddenly asked, his eyes flicking into the blue ones across him. Tommy seemed taken aback by the question.

“Girlfriend? No, not really my thing big man.”

“Boyfriend then?”

“Again, not into that so much.”

“Well what is your thing?” Tubbo asked, not unkindly, tilting his head to the side.

“Friends, I suppose.” Tommy turned away. “People like you. These relationships.”

Tubbo furrowed his brows.

“What do you mean? Never had a crush before?”

Tommy shook his head.

“I just don’t see the appeal in having a partner like that. I don’t get it.”

Tubbo frowned.

“You’ve never loved someone? Never cared for someone so deeply that it hurts when you’re away from them, and you just want to make them laugh because if they’re laughing they’re not sad, and you can’t stand to see them frowning? Never loved someone so much that you get butterflies in your stomach when you’re around them, and you stumble over your words, and your face gets hot and your palms get sweaty, and you might vomit, but then they take your hand and it’s all okay again?”

Tommy laughed.

“Can’t say I have, big man.” He twisted his mouth into a smile. “But believe me, there’s plenty of people I care about. You, for example. I always want to be around you, and I haven’t seen you sad yet but I can imagine it would be the worst thing to witness. And yet, I have absolutely no interest in dating you. No offense.”

Tubbo nodded. “I suppose that’s normal. Afterall, not everyone has to love someone.”

“My brothers don’t think it’s weird. I never realized it’s even a big deal until the councilmen started to ask about suitors and marriage.”

Tubbo laughed. “You? With any sort of spouse? I can’t even imagine that. Here, take this paint and do my face. And don’t you dare mess it up.”

Tommy grinned.

“Yes sir.”

~~~

The final day of the festival passed in a blur. It was like Time was messing with them, pushing them to the final hours of the day and past the festival time. By eight, the castle was completely empty save for the royal family, Dream, and Tubbo. Everyone had been dismissed to prepare for the festival. There is no prayer time today, as the sun never sets. It will be light all day, with the sun circling the pole but never dipping below the horizon.

It was brighter, louder, more overwhelming. The two teenagers had disappeared to make friends and play games, and to eat far too many sweets that would no doubt rot their teeth. The adults had no issue of course, with Wilbur and Schlatt sharing a bag of pastillas de leche and the engaged

couple sipping a milkshake with two straws.

It felt so bright, so alive. The complete opposite of Dream's kingdom during his father's rule, with celebrations being carefully regulated and planned. As his bright eyes surveyed the square, Dream vowed to change his kingdom to be more like this.

The saying 'time flies when you're having fun' was taken to a whole new level, the hours zipping past like seconds in Dream's eyes. The elderly began to leave, their old bones not being able to handle hours of the festivities. Older adults reluctantly exited the square, taking their exhausted toddlers and young children with them. But for the teenagers and young adults, the festival was far from over. It wasn't until the bells rang, signalling it to be four in the morning, did they begin to filter out of the square.

Shockingly the town was just as clean as it was before. Everyone picked up after themselves, not a single piece of trash was left on the cobblestone.

"It is disrespectful to the god of nature to leave our trash after the festivities." Technoblade had whispered into Dream's ear, before placing his hands on the king's shoulders.

Wilbur was nowhere to be found, no doubt with his 'friend'. They assumed he would be back for lunch the next day.

Hopefully.

Tommy and Tubbo crashed the moment they made it to the servants door, and it was left to Technoblade and Dream to carry the teens to their rooms. Techno had turned to go to his room, but Dream stopped him.

"Could we maybe, like, walk in the garden a little bit? I'm not ready to go to bed."

Techno cocked his head in confusion, but nodded.

Dream had led them into the garden, weaving his way through the pathways like he had been going through here for his whole life. Their conversation was quiet and idle, nothing of depth in their wine laced voices and tired eyes.

Dream took the prince's hand and leaned his head on his shoulder.

"You and your brothers are so special." The king murmured. "I know something is up with you three, I'm just not certain about what."

Techno breathed out. He led the stumbling prince to a bench slightly off the path.

"You could ask you know." He whispered into the young man's ear who, in turn, perked his head up.

"I can?"

"Of course."

"But, you guys are shrouded in such mystery!"

"Only because no one ever bothers to ask. They assume that we will not tell them, when in reality they haven't tried. We would gladly share our story, but no one ever asks."

Dream's eyes flickered up to look at his fiancé.

"Well?"

Dream took a deep breath.

"How? How are you and your brothers so special?"

Techno smiled. "I thought you'd never ask."

23 years earlier

The gods are not perfect. They think they know all when in reality they are only slightly more knowledgeable than the average human. The only ones who are truly all knowing are Mother and Fate.

But they are hardly any help in these situations, seeing as Mother is and always has been sleeping, and Fate refuses to get himself involved in any trifles among the gods.

So when they get it wrong, what are they supposed to do to make amends?

“Your wife. She is pregnant, yes?”

The mortal before them trembled slightly, but nodded.

“A favor then. Your child, and all those who come after it, whether by blood or bond, will receive gifts from us. Blessings, if you will.”

“Perhaps we should wait before blessing these children, don’t you think?”

The mortal man only stared at the two of them.

“Yes. When they turn six, after we have evaluated their heart and mind, we shall give them their gift.”

The gods all nodded, solemn looks on their faces.

“Well then. Back to the overworld you go.”

“Wait!”

It was the first time the mortal had spoken since the trial.

“Can I tell others about this?”

The gods exchanged glances.

“We don’t see why not. Now, off with you.”

He had been flung back to the overworld, panting and exhausted.

A favor, then.

Present

“We are, my brothers and I, blessed by gods. We were granted a favor.”

The sunlight shone on Techno’s skin, making it glisten and glow.

“Why?”

Techno smiled, his lips curling up. His perfect, perfect lips.

“My father would most likely appreciate telling that to you himself. Believe me, he loves telling the story.”

“So who blessed you?” Dream was barely paying attention to the conversation, absorbing the information to sift through later. Now, he was just staring intently at Techno’s perfect brown eyes glimmering skin. Perhaps it was the alcohol talking, but his fiancée was just about the most perfect person to exist.

“The god of strength, combat, war. I am also blessed with visits from a certain angel known as the blood god, however that is more of a curse than a blessing.” He finished with a small laugh.

“Tommy was granted his favor by the god of warfare, strategy, and battle. Similar to mine, but ever so different. And our anomaly of an eldest brother was given his blessing from the god of beauty and love. That entails more than what it sounds like.”

Dream’s eyes widened as Techno’s closed. A breeze ruffles through his hair, the gold chains hanging off his fingers and clothes jingling slightly. Dream ran a hand through his own hair, Techno opening his eyes at the slight movement.

Dream breathed out. For a long moment, they simply sat there. The filtering through the trees casted a beautiful light on Technoblade’s pale skin, glowing in Dream’s eyes. Technoblade’s eyes trailed up and down Dream’s body, eventually finding a place on his lips to settle on. Dream’s face became flushed and hot from the simple look, his robes suddenly far too warm for the sub-zero climate. Technoblade smirked slightly, drinking in the worked up expression on Dream’s face that he produced by only looking.

“Well somebody better call your god.” Dream said, placing a hand on Techno’s cheek. The only thought racing through his mind was *‘oh god I’m actually doing this’*.

“And why is that?” Techno responded, leaning into Dream’s touch. They were so close now that if either of them moved an inch they would bump noses.

There was a beat of silence before Dream finally responded.

“Because they’re missing an angel.” Dream inhaled deeply and moved forward to press his lips against Techno’s. For a moment, Technoblade was as stiff as the bench they were sitting on. Dream pulled away with a frown, certain he did something wrong. Then Techno’s mouth opened slightly, his tongue darting out to wet those chapped lips. He suddenly grabbed Dream by the back of the neck and pulled him close.

And when their lips slammed together, Dream knew why people call him a god. Their kiss was all passion, all heat. Teeth clashed against teeth with reckless abandon, scraping and sliding past each other. Their tongues were intertwined in an intricate dance that they knew by pure instinct, by heart. Dream didn’t need to breathe anymore, no. It was the last thing on his mind when he could get all the life he needed by the feeling of his prince’s rough lips on his own. Dream was drunk on the kiss. Perfectly, magically, spectacularly drunk on the feeling. One hand settled on his hips, the other trailing down his spine to settle on the small of his back. Electricity shot through every nerve in his body as somehow they got closer. Being this close to Techno, being connected? It was his high. His mind was cloudy, his thoughts foggy, and his blood was fire in his veins. His heart was beating faster than should be possibly, and a coiling in the pit of his stomach tugged at him. It was longing, *yearning* for more than just this kiss. Something that wanted to feel Techno’s hands trail up and down his fragile body, under his shirt, tangled in his hair. On instinct, Dream let out a low

moan that encouraged Techno to pull him closer. Dream was in the prince's lap now, straddling his huge torso. His hands were like fire on the king's skin. Every touch burned him like lava.

After what felt like hours and seconds at the same time, the two pulled apart. They stared at each other, panting slightly.

"That was- wow." Dream said, smiling. Techno smiled in response.

"I agree. And maybe it's bad manners to say this right after, but I gotta say Dream. Might wanna work on those pick up lines."

Dream hauled himself off the taller man's lap.

"Nope. I'm un-engaging you. That's it."

"I don't- I don't think that's a- a word." Techno barely managed to get out between laughs.

Dream cracked a smile.

"I doubt you could have done better. Why did you look so shell-shocked when I kissed you?"

A blush spread across Techno's face as the two got up and began to walk away.

"I hate you Dream."

"No you don't."

"No I don't."

How we feeling lovely's?

Chapter 23

do you guys like how my last chapter summary said i wouldn't abandon this fic?

i fell out of love with the dream smp, certain creators got a little iffy to me and the fandom itself started to feel toxic and it wasn't something i was interested in anymore. i've also officially started recruiting for college lacrosse as I am a top prospect and i'm finally in highschool, so i've got a lot on my plate.

i won't be continuing this fic, but I am still really proud of it. thanks for the love and support.

if you guys would like me to post some oneshots I wrote in the past two years I would be happy to share.

also, if you have questions about the lore and characters that went unanswered due to the discontinuation and you just really want answers, don't hold back in the comment section. i don't care if you're checking this fic out five months from now, go ahead and leave a comment. i love interacting with you guys.

again, thanks for the love and support.

see you later my lovely's!

End Notes

Leave a comment! I would really appreciate it.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!